

THE

ZION SONGSTER

Nos. 1 & 2 COMBINED.

FOR

Sabbath Schools

EDITED BY

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs
and everlasting joy upon their heads.—ISAIAH.

PUBLISHED BY

RUEBUSH, KIEFFER & CO.

Dayton (Rockingham Co.), Virginia.

J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO., Music Typographers Philadelphia.

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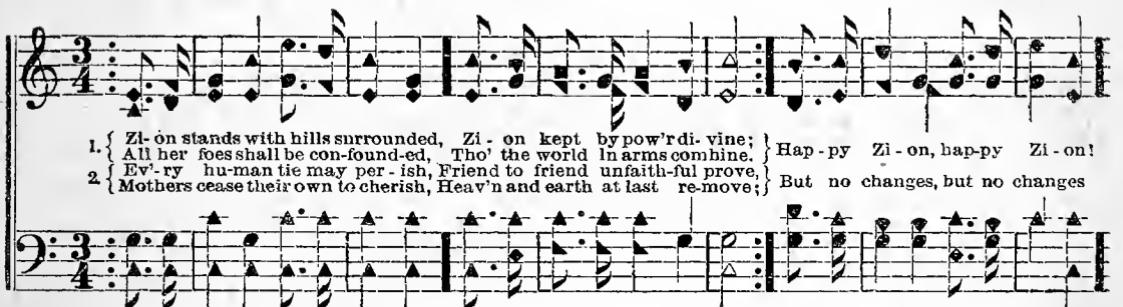
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THE ZION SONGSTER.

HAPPY ZION.

A. S. KIEFFER.



1. { Zi - on stands with hills surrounded, Zi - on kept by pow'r di - vine; } Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on!
All her foes shall be con - found - ed, Tho' the world In arms combine.
2. { Ev - ry hu - man tie may per - ish, Friend to friend unfaith - ful prove; } But no changes, but no changes
Mothers cease their own to cherish, Heav'n and earth at last re - move;

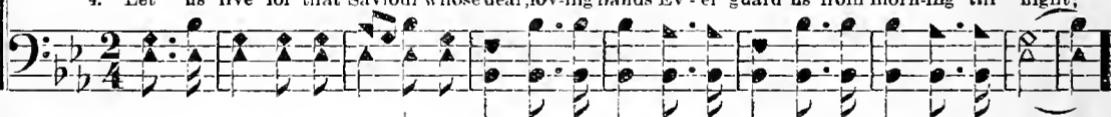
What a fa - vor'd lot is thine; Hap - py Zi - on! hap - py Zi - on! Sav'd and kept by love di - vine.
Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love; Hap - py Zi - on! hap - py Zi - on! Guarded by a Saviour's love.

OH, SWEET SABBATH MORNING.

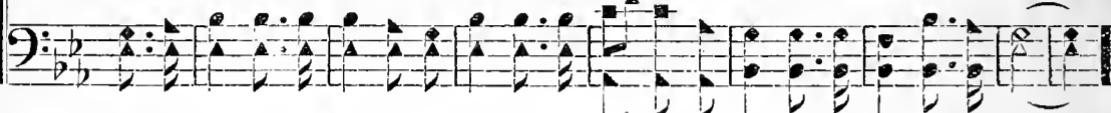
Arr. by A. S. K.



1. While the sweet Sabbath morning is glid-ing the hills, And the dew on the grass spar-kles bright,
2. Here we meet with our teachers so lov-ing and kind; In the name of our Sav-iour and friend;
3. Here we sing of that "land that is fair-er than day." Of that "Cit-y so fair" and so grand;
4. Let us live for that Saviour whose dear, lov-ing hands Ev-er guard us from morn-ing till night;



We have met once a-gain in our dear Sab-bath home Where our voic-es in song may n - nite.
 And a fore-taste we have of that pleas-ure and bliss That in heav-en shall ne'er find an end.
 Of the dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, whose hand-s will guide, Till we rest in that sweet hap-py land,
 Let us toil in his ser-vi-ce and work for his cause, And at last reach that "home of de-light."



CHORUS.



Oh, sweet Sabbath morning, we hail thy gold-en light, For it brings us a day of re - pose,



OH, SWEET SABBATH MORNING. Concluded.

5

And our voic - es we raise in a glad song of praise For the blessings its brightness be - stows.

GEORGIA. C. M.

Rev. J. W. HOWELL.

Arr. by A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, and my King, I'll lean up - on thy breast,
 2. I may for - get thee as I roam, Per - plexed with anx - ious care,
 3. I'll lin - ger there with my dear friend, Till I am sat - isfied;
 4. What need I here in this dark world, But pledg - es of thy love,

So long as I con - fide in thee, I shall find per - fect rest.
 But then in hours of so - ber thought I'll to the cross re - pair.
 Yes, Sav - iour, I would trust in thee, For thou for me hast died.
 For thou hast prom - ised com - fort here, As well as joys a - bove.

FLY AS THE DOVES TO THEIR WINDOWS.

MR. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Isaiah 60: 8.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, W^{lde} open the entrance to-day, Wait not for a season con- venient,
 2. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, The Saviour hath tenderest care: Make haste to the refuge he of-fers,
 3. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, For Jesus can ease thy un-rest, Just hear him and gladly receive him,
 4. Oh, fly as the doves to their windows, Press on with a heart all a-flame, No soul ever seeking in ear - nest

CHORUS.

Oh, why will you lon - ger de - lay? }
 Pro - vis - ion a - bund - ant is there. }
 Thy soul will for - ev - er be blest. }
 Has failed a free par - don to gain. }
 Oh, fly, fly a - way, oh, hast-en to - day, The

Saviour inviting-ly calls; The refuge is nigh, and grand its supply, There's safety within its bright walls.

WELCOME TO GLORY.

Mrs. P. PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

7

CHORUS.

2 When from Calvary's mount I arise,
And pass through the portals above,
Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
Resound through the regions of love?
Welcome home! etc.

3 Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer!
Welcome home! etc.

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold!
For, O! there's a welcome for me!
Welcome home! etc.

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!
Welcome home! etc.

A HOME OVER JORDAN.

T. W. A.

T. W. ENGLAND.

1. There's a home o - ver Jor - dan for me, Where I'll rest in the shade of Life's tree;
 2. There my friends who have gone on be - fore, Safe from sor - row shall rest ev - er - more;
 3. Je - sus reigns with the saints o - ver there, With the an - gels so bright and so fair,

In the bean - tl - ful fields of de - light, On the shore that shall nev - er know night.
 And I'll join them a - gain o - ver there, In that land free from sor - row and care.
 And I long to go home to that land, There to dwell with the bright an - gel hand.

CHORUS.

In that bright hap - py home, In that bright hap - py home, In the shade of Life's tree we shall rest;

A HOME OVER JORDAN. Concluded.

In that home, hap - py home, We shall rest with the good and the blest.
sweet hap - py home, In that sweet hap - py home,

ABIDE WITH ME.

LYTE.

A. S. KLEFFER.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e - ven - tide: The darkness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
3. I need thy pres - ence ev' - ry pass - ing hour: What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r;

When oth - er help - ers fail and comforts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me.
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see, O thou, who chang - est not, a - bide with me.
Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me.

CHILDREN OF ZION.

Words arranged.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Come, children of Zi - on, and help us to sing Loud anthems of praise to our Sav - iour and King,
 2. O come to the Sav-lour and take up the cross, See treasure in hea-ven, count all else but loss;
 3. We'll fear not the dan-gers that lie in our way, His arm will pro - tect us by night and by day;

Whos life once was giv - en our souls to re - deem—And bring us to hea-ven to reign there with him.
 His mer - cy in - vites us, then let us com - pl-y—O why should we lin - ger when he is so nigh?
 All this we must suf - fer and pa - tiently bear Till Je - sus shall take us to dwell o - ver there.

CHORUS.

O chil-dren of Zi - on! O chil-dren of Zi - on! Loud anthems of praise let us sing, let us sing

CHILDREN OF ZION. Concluded.

11

To him who redeemed us, To him who redcemed us, our Pro - phet, our Priest and our King.

I'LL BE THERE.

"FREEDMAN'S SONG."

Arr. by A. J. S.

I. { Je - sus my all to heav'n is gone, } When the last trum-pet sounds, I'll be there.
He whom I fix my hopes up - on;

CHORUS.

Repeat ff.

I'll be there, I'll be there, I'll be there! I'll be there, When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

2 His track I see and I'll pursue,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
The narrow way, till him I view,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there,
And mourned because I found it not,
When the last trumpet sounds, I'll be there.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

ARR. by W. B. SLAZE,



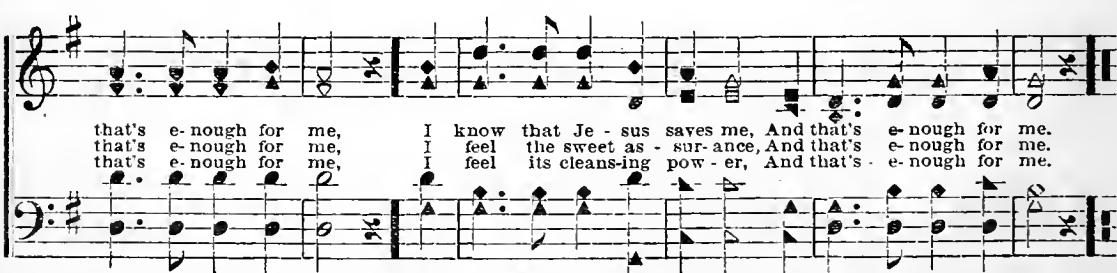
1. O love sur-pass - ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free! I know that Je - sus
 2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion! From sin be makes me free! I feel the sweet as-
 3. O blood of Christ, so pre - cious, Pour'd out on Cal - va - ry! I feel its cleansing



saves me, And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me, And
 -sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me, And
 pow - er, And that's e-nough for me! And that's e-nough for me, And



that's e-nough for me, I know that Je - sus saves me, And that's e-nough for me.
 that's e-nough for me, I feel the sweet as- sur-ance, And that's e-nough for me.
 that's e-nough for me, I feel its cleans-ing pow - er, And that's e-nough for me.



SINGING GLORY HALLELUJAH.

J. C. B.

J. CALVIN BUSHBY.

13

1. In our Father's heav'nly mansions, With the ransom'd ones a - bove, We will join the hal - le -
2. There, a - mid the mu - sic ring-ing, Not a sigh shall heave the breast; There the wicked cease from
3. May we gain those heav'nly mansions, And among the blood-wash'd sing: Rest with long-lost loved ones

CHORUS.

- lu - jahs, Sing-ing of a Saviour's love. } Sing-ing glo - - - ry, hal - le - In - jah! hal - le -
troubl-ing, And the wea - ry are at rest. } ev - er Where the hal - le - In - jahs ring. } glo - ry, glo - ry,

- In - jah! hal - le - In - jah! Sing-ing glo - - - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lord!
glory, glory,

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Hark, ten thou - sand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
 Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the (omit.....) God of love;
 2. { Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright - ens All a - bove, and gives It worth;
 Lord of life, thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charmis thy (omit.....) saints on earth.

Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine;
 Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone;

Hap - py Zi - on, hap - py, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vor'd lot is thine.
 Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

SWEET FRIENDSHIP.

Arr. from ALARIC A. WATTS.

Arranged by A. S. K.

1. When shall we meet a - gain,
 2. When shall sweet friendship flow
 3. To that blest world of light

Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace wreath her chain
 Pure as life's riv - er? When shall love ra-diant glow,
 Take us, dear Sav - iour; May we all there u - nite,

Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts may ne'er re - pose
 Death - less for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill,
 Hap - py for - ev - er! Where kin - dred spir - its dwell,
 Safe from each blast that
 Where bliss each heart shall
 There may our mu - sic

blows In this dark vale - of woes,
 fill, And fears of part - ing chill,
 swell, And time our joys dis - pel,

Nev - er, Nev - er, Nev - er,
 no, nev - er.
 no, nev - er.
 no, nev - er.

OVER THERE.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.



1. We shall gath-er home at last, When life's wea-ry day is past, To the pal-ace of the
 2. Tho' our bur-dens be se-vere, Let us bear them bravely here As we jour-ney to that
 3. There we'll lay our bur-dens down, There we'll wear the shin-ing crown, And will reign as kings and



King, o - ver there; And be -neath its shin - ing dome Find an end - less, hap - py home, With the
 land, o - ver there; Wea - ry hearts and hands shall rest In that king - dom of the blest, In the
 priests, o - ver there; There, with saints of a - ges past, While e - ter - ni - ty shall last, We shall

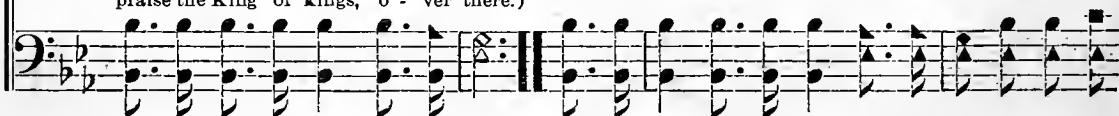


D. S.—faith it views the sight Of that

FINE. CHORUS.



bless - ed hosts of God, o - ver there. }
 Saviour's home of love, o - ver there. }
 praise the King of kings, o - ver there. } O, that bright glo - ry land, With its glitt'ring, gold-en



bless - ed home in heav'n, o - ver there.

OVER THERE. Concluded.

17

D.S.

strand, With its fountains and its gar - dens blooming fair! How the wea - ry heart grows light As by

HENRY HOPE.

MY FRIEND.

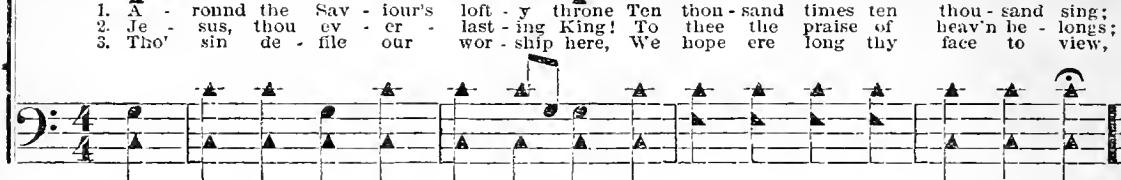
J. H. TENNEY.

1. Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine: His love shall nev - er end; Je - sus is mine:
 2. Though I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine: Tho' I grow faint and cold, Je - sus is mine:
 3. When earth shall pass a - way Je - sus is mine. In the great judgment day, Je - sus is mine:

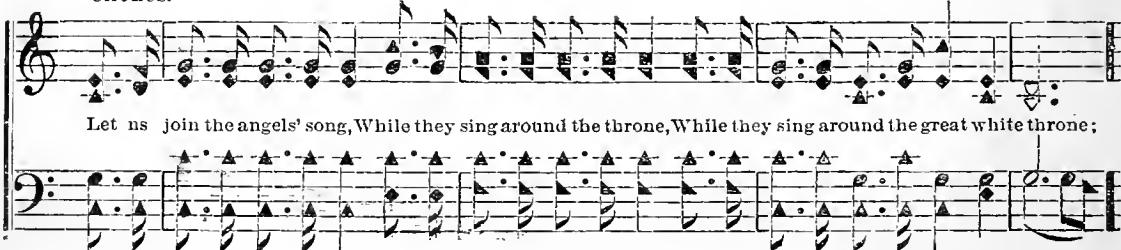
Tho' earth-ly joys decrease, Tho' earthly friendship cease, Now I have last-ing peace; Je - sus is mine.
 He shall my wants supply: His precious blood is nigh, Naught can my hope destroy; Je - sus is mine.
 Oh, what a glorious thing Then to be - hold my King, On tune - ful harp to sing Je - sus is mine.

B

AROUND THE SAVIOUR'S LOFTY THRONE.



CHORUS.



AROUND THE SAVIOUR'S LOFTY THRONE. Concluded.

19

And our cheerful notes we'll raise In a grate-ful song of praise, To the Lamb who sits up-on the throne.

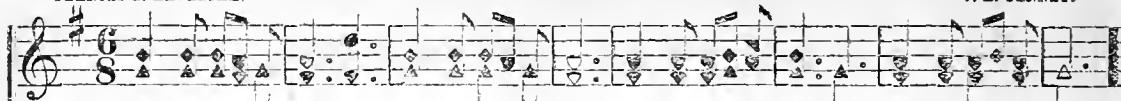
THE BRIGHTER SHORE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

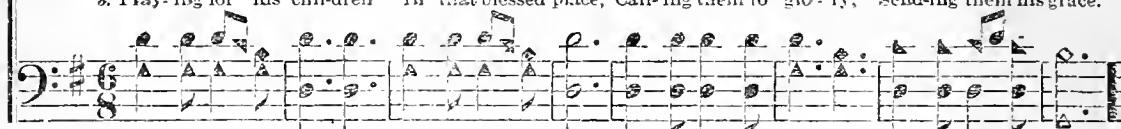
1. Chris-tian broth-ren, ere we we part, Ev'- ry voice and ev'- ry heart
 2. From thy house, when we re-turn, Let our hearts with-in us burn:
 3. Tho' we here should meet no more, Yet there is a bright-er shore;

Join and to our Fa-ther raise One last hymn of grate-ful praise.
 That this eve-ning we may say "We have walked with God to day."
 There, re-leas'd from toil and pain, There we all may meet a gain.

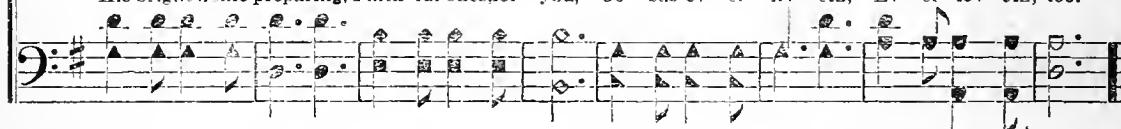
GOLDEN HARPS ARE SOUNDING.



1. Gold-en harps are sounding, An - gel voices sing, Pearl - y gates are o-pened— O-pened for the King:
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory At his Father's side:
 3. Pray-ing for his chil-dren In that blessed place, Call-ing them to glo - ry, Send-ing them his grace.



Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri-umph To his throne a - bove.
 Nev - er more to suf - fer, Nev - er more to die, Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Has gone up on high.
 His bright home preparing, Faith - ful ones, for you, — Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth, too.



CHORUS.



All his work is end - ed, Joy - ful - ly we sing; Je - sus hath as-cend - ed! Glo-ry to Zi-on's King!



EVER WILL I PRAY.

21

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1 Fa - ther, in the morn - ing, Un - to thee
 2 At the bus - y noon - tide, Press'd with work
 3. When the eve - ning shad - ows Chase a - way
 4 Thus in life's glad morn - ing, In its bright

I pray; Let thy lov - ing
 and care; Then I'll wait with
 the light, Fa - ther, then I'll
 noon - day, In its shad - owy

CHORUS.

kind - ness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
 Je - sus This he hears my prayer. } I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er
 pray thee, Bless thy child to - night. } I will pray, I will pray,
 eve - ning, Ev - er will I pray.

will I pray. Morn - ing, noon and eve - ning, Un - to thee I'll pray.
 Ev - er will Un - to thee

THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

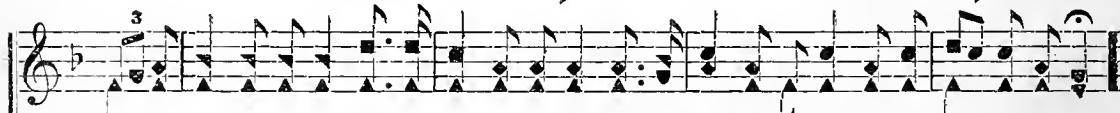
Music by WYATT MINSHALL.

Not too fast.

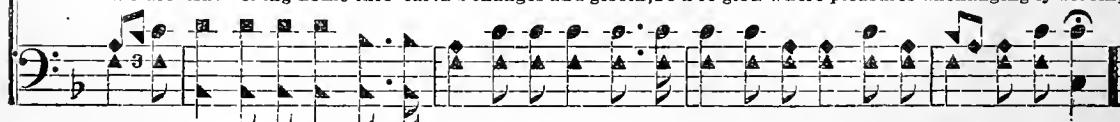
1. There's a land far a-way 'mid the stars we are told, Where they know not the sorrows of time,
2. Here our gaze can not soar to that beau-ti-ful land, But our vi-sions have told of its bliss;
3. Oh, the stars nev-er tread the blue heav-ens at night But we think where the ransomed have trod;



Where the pure wa-ters flow thro' the val-leys of gold, And where life is a treas-ure sub-lime;
 And our souls by the gate from its gar-dens are fanned, When we faint in the des-erts of this.
 And the day nev-er smiles from his pal-ace of light But we feel the bright smile of our God.



'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul, Where the a-ges of splen-dor e-ter-nal-ly roll,
 And we sometimes have longed for its ho-ly repose When our hearts have been rent with temptations and woes,
 We are trav-el-ing home thro' earth's changes and gloom, To a re-gion where pleasures unchang-ing-ly bloom,



THE EVERGREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE. Concluded.

23

Where the way - wea - ry trav - el - er reach - es his goal, On the ev - er - green mountains of life.
 And we've drank from the tide of the riv - er that flows From the ev - er - green mountains of life.
 And our guide is the glo - ry that shines thro' the tomb, From the ev - er - green mountains of life.

TRIBUTE. 8s & 7s.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Sis - ter, thon wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tie as the sum - mer breeze,
 2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low;
 3. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee When the day of life is fled;

Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats among the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed.

A PILGRIM SONG.

ALDINE S. EIFFER, by per.



1. I'm a lone-ly pilgrim here, Vex'd with many a doubt and fear, As I jour-ney a-long by the way;
 2. Hero the des-ert wild expand Round a-bont on ei-ther hand, But I'm near-ing the Jor-dan, you see!
 3. When the wil-der-ness is past, And I reach that home at last, Oh, how hap-py my poor soul will be!



FINE.



But I hope at last to stand On fair Canaan's peaceful land, Free from sorrow, from doubt and dismay.
 And be-yond that nar-row stream, Endless bow'rs of blessing beam, And they're blooming for you and for me.
 • With the glo-ri-fied to stand On that glitt'ring glo-ry-land, And the Sav-iour, my Sav-iour, to see.



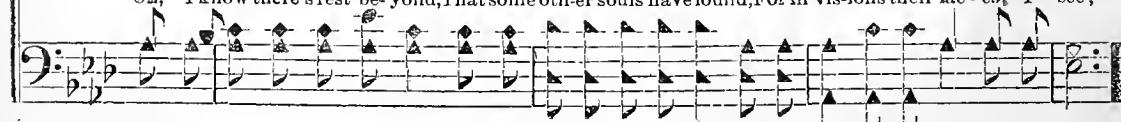
D.S.—Thro' the still-y hours of night, From the plains of endless light, Spirit voie-es oft whis-per to me.

CHORUS.



D.S.

Oh, I know there's rest be-yond, That some oth-er souls have found, For in vis-ions their fac-es, I see;



I AM GOING HOME IN THE MORNING.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

25

1. I am go-ing home in the morn-ing, And the sun of day sinketh low, See, the tinge of sun-set a-
2. I am go-ing home in the morn-ing, I can almost see thro' the gloom, For the time is short in - ter-

CHORUS.

-dorn - ing All a-round with heav-en - ly glow. Fare - well! fare - well! fare - well! fare -
-ven - ing, Be-tween me and heav-en, my home. farewell! farewell! farewell! farewell!

- well, I'm going home in the morning; Farewell! fare-well! fare-well! I'm going home in the morning.

3 I am going home in the morning,
And my Savior stands at the door,
He is waiting me at the portals,
I shall enter, and sorrow no more.

4 I am going home in the morning,
For with earth I shall soon be done;
Then I'll reign with Jesus in glory,
When my kingdom and crown will be won.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS?

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd? Great joy and sal - va - tion for all!
2. Have you heard that a Fountain was o - pened for yon, To cleanse you from sor - row and shame?
3. Have you heard of the crowns that the ransom'd shall wear? The glo - ry so full and com - plete,
4. Have you heard the great news that a home in the skies To th' patient and faith - ful is giv'n?

O ye starv-ing and poor, Je - sus waits at the door! Will you has - ten to an - swer his call? And tho' strange it may be that the wa - ters are free, — On - ly en - ter in Je - sus -'s name. When your life - work is done and the vie - to - ry won, — Of the rest at King Je - sus -'s feet? Give the Sav - iour your love: it will bear yon a - bove To the man-sions prepared up in heav'n.

CHORUS.

And just..... o - ver there in the beau - - - - ti - ful
And just o - ver there, just o - ver there in the beau - ti - ful land,

HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS? Concluded.

21

A musical score for a hymn, featuring three staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are as follows:

land, — From sor - - - - - row and sin ev - er free, —
beau - ti - ful land, From sor - row and sin sor - row and sin ev - er free, ev - er free, —

Hap - py an - - - - - gels of light, Robed in gar - - - - - ments of
Hap - py an - gels of light, an - gels of light, Robed in gar - ments of white,

white, Fond - ly wait - - - - - ing for you..... and for me.
gar - ments of white, Fond - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for me.

W. F. COSNER.

OH, HOW SWEET!

D. P. AIRBAET.

1. Oh, how sweet the blest as - sur - ance, God has to his peo - ple giv'n!
 2. God reigns o - ver all for - ev - er, All the earth is in his hands;

FINE.

Who have been on life's dark o - cean, Long by storm-y tempests driv'n; Oh, how cheering to the Life and death, and joy and sor - row, All o - bey his high com-mands. He will keep his peo-ple

Say-ing all things work to - geth-er For their good who love the Lord.
 He makes all things work togeth-er For their good who love the Lord.

D.C.

wea - ry Comes the sweet as - sur - ing word,
 safo - ly, Ev - er be his name a - dor'd;

3 Courage, then, press fearless onward,
 Still by faith in Jesus dwell;
 Rest assured whate'er befall you,
 With his blessing all is well.
 Grace sufficient for his people
 He hath promised in his word,
 And all things do work together
 For their good who love the Lord.

YES, THERE'S ROOM!

W. E. PENN.

29

A. S. KLEFFER.

1. { In our Fa - ther's house a - bove There is room for ev' - ry one;
 Bound-less room in his great love For the sin - - (Omit.....)
 2. { Can you pray to be ex - cus'd? Can you wait an - oth - er day?
 While the fier - y bil - lows roll, That may sweep (Omit.....)

1st time.

- ner who will come Yes, there's room, bound-less room! For the sin - -
 your soul a - way.

CHORUS.

- ner who will come. - ner who will come.

1st time.

2d time.

3. Dare you say "I will not go;"
 Dare you any longer wait?
 While the cry is "yet there's room,"
 And an hour may be too late?

4. Meroy's door still stands ajar,
 And the Spirit whispers come!
 Cries alike to rich and poor,
 Saying, yet, there's boundless room.

I'M REDEEMED.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. I'll sing, I'll sing to my Saviour's praise, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! For he has led me from
 2. I'll sing his love, for he set me free, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! He paid the price on the
 3. I'll tell his prais - es while here be - low, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! And shout a - new when to
 4. O sing, ye saints, sing a - gain with me, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! And tell that par - don is

REFRAIN.

sin's dark ways, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd!
 cru - el tree, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd } }
 heav'n I go, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd } }
 full and free, I'm re - deem'd, redeem'd! I'm re - deem'd! I'm re - deem'd!

I'm redeem'd in the blood that on Cal - va - ry flowed; I'm re - deem'd, re - deem'd.

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

31

J. H. K.

J. H. KUZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will greet each other by the crys-tal
2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather and the saved and ransomed
3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glo-ry, we shall
4. When the golden harps are sounding and the an-geL bands proclaim, In triumphant strains the glorious juhi-

sea, crys-tal sea, With the friends and all the loved ones, there a - wait-ing us to come,
 see, glad-ly see, Then to meet a - gain to - geth-er on the bright ce - les-tial shore, } What a
 see, we shall see, At the bid-ding of our Sav-iour, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right," }
 -lee, ju - bi - lee, Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb,

What a gath' - - - ring, gath' - - - ring,
 gath'ring of the faithful that will be! What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one another,

WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE. Concluded.

What a gath' - - - ring,

At the sounding of the glorious ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the
 dear ones meet each oth - er, What a gath' - ring of the faith - ful that will be!

GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

Glory be to the Father, and..... to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Gbost;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

1. A - las, and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov - reign die? Would he de - vote that
 2. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When Christ, the mighty

CHORUS.

sa - cred head For such a worm as I? } A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un - known!
 Mak - er, died For man, the creature's sin! }

And love be-yond de - gree! That Je - sus bought with blood di - vine A home in heav'n for me.

TO BE THERE.

JOSEPH B. MOON.

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That coun - try so bright and so fair,
 2. We speak of its path - way of gold, Its walls decked with jew - els so rare,
 3. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From sor - row, temp-ta - tion and care,

And oft are its glo - ries ex - pressed; But what must it be to be there?
 Its won - ders and plea-sures un - told; But what must it be to be there?
 From tri - als with-out and with - in; But what must it be to be there?

REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there,

TO BE THERE. Concluded.

35

To be there, to be there,..... Oh, what must it be to be there?

To be there, to be there,

COLLYER.

DARAN. 8s & 7s. Double.

JNO. T. HALL.

FINE.

1. {Cease, ye mourn - ers cease to lan - guish O'er the grave of those you love;
 2. {Pain, and death, and night, and an - guish, En - ter not the world a - bove.
 2. {Light and peace at once de - riv - ing, From the hand of God most high;
 2. {In his glo - rious pres - ence liv - ing, They shall nev - er, nev - er die.}

D.C. {1. Glo - ry's bright - est beams are play - ing Round the hap - py Chris - tian's head.
 {2. There, no fear of woe, in - trud - ing, Sheds o'er heav'n a mo - ment's gloom.

D.C.

While our End - less si - lent steps are stray - ling, Lone - ly, through night's deep'ning shade,
 pleas - ure pain ex - clud - ing, Sick - ness there 'no more can come;

ALL AROUND THE WORLD.

E. S. LOENZ, by per.

1. See the flag of Je - sus O'er the earth unfurled! Sabbath schools are singing All around the world
 2. Lit - tle In - dia dia - monds, Pre-cious ish - and pearls; Learning Bi - ble les - sons, Hap - py boys and girls.
 3. Sun - day schools are sing-ing, France and Spain and Rome; Hear their joyous music, Songs of heav'n and home.
 4. Sun - day schools in Chi - na Reaching down the coast; Mex - i - co is lead - ing, Gal - lant lit - tle host.

FINE

Sun - day schools in Chi - na, In - dia and Ja - pan; Training souls for glo - ry, By the gos - pel plan
 Af - rie's gold dust scat-tered 'Neath the feet of wrong; His - es up in brightness From the darkness long.
 Where the mor - tyrs suf - fered Ho - ly seed is spread; Gather up these ru - bies Dyed in life-blood red.
 Glad Bra - zil - ian chil - dren Praise to God shall sing; Far - off Pat - a - gon - ia An - swers Christ is King.

D.S.—See the flag of Je - sus O'er the earth unfurled! Sunday schools are singing All a - round the world.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Lift the cross of Je - sus, Bear the Bi - ble on; Soon the world will eeh - o With his vict'ry won.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. A. GLENN.

37

1. White as snow; oh, what a prom-ise For the heav-y - lad-en breast, When by faith the soul receives it,
 2. White as snow; can my transgressions Thus be whol-ly washed a-way, Leaving not a trace be-hind them,
 3. Yes, at once, and that completely Thro' the blood of Christ, I know, All my sins, tho' red, like crimson,

CHORUS.

Wea - ri-ness is changed to rest, Whit - er, whit - er than snow, Washed in the blood of the
 Like a cloudless sum-merday, May become as white as snow, Whit-er than snow, in the

Lamb, Whit - er, whit - er than snow, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 blood of the Lamb; Whit - er than snow,

HE WILL RECEIVE ME.

MRS. G. B. HOLINGER.

GEO. B. HOLINGER.



1. Come now, dear Lord, receive my heart, Make me thy servant while in youth, From all that's sin - ful
 2. I dare not wait for rip - er years, But long, dear Sav - iour, now for thee, O! come and ban - ish
 3. I know in thee true joys are found, And all will fade, this world can mete, So for thy king - dom



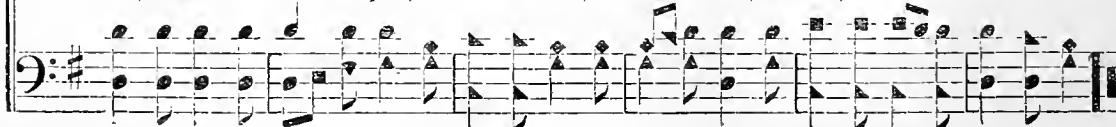
CHORUS.



I'd de - part, Teach me, O! teach me love and truth, } all my fears, And let me ev - er dwell with thee, } He will re - ceive, I know he will, He
 I am bound, - Cast all, my Je - sus, at thy feet. }



will, he will his love im - part, He will re - ceive, I know he will, He will, he will re - ceive my heart.



I AM WITH THEE EVERY HOUR.

39

Arr. from a "Jubilee Song," by J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am with thee ev'-ry hour, O ransomed one, For too long the way and dark, for thee a - lone. }
 I am with thee ev'-ry hour, trust thou in me, For my love un-chang-a - ble is pledged to thee. }
 2. I am with thee ev'-ry hour, I know thy care, I will cheer thy troubled heart, thy burdens bear. }
 I am with thee ev'-ry hour, my strength is thine, Thou the ten - der branch, and I the liv - ing vine. }
 3. I am with thee ev'-ry hour, till life's work done, I shall bear thee hence to stand before the throne. }
 I am with thee ev'-ry hour, and heav-en waits, To throw o - pen wide for thee its pearl-y gates. }

CHORUS.

I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, Thou art mine, for thee my life I gave!

with thee, with thee,

I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, With my love I'll guard and guide and save!

with thee, with thee,
From "Spiritual Songs, No. 2," by per.

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

1. "I know that my Re-dee-mer lives!" I feel his kindling love; I'll bear the cross till I shall gain
 2. "I know that my Re-dee-mer lives!" To in-ter-cede for me; And by his rich, a-bounding grace
 3. "I know that my Re-dee-mer lives!" The U-ni-ver-sal King; Let all the earth and all in heav'n

CHORUS.

My crown in heav'n a-bove.) Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Je-sus stands and bids me,
 I'm saved e-ter-nal-ly.) To him their prais-es bring.) Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! Je-sus stands and bids me

bids me come. Hal-le - lu - - - jah! Hal-le - lu - - - jah, I am on my jour-ney home.
 come. Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! Hal-le - lu-jah evermore! I am on my jour-ney home.

SACRED STREAM.

41

J. H. HALL.

1. O flood of liv - ing wa - ters, And mighty erim - son tide, Blest fountain of sal - va - tion, From
 2. Thy wa - ters drown all sor - rows, Ex - tin - guish ev - ry grief, And blot - ting out trans - gres - sions, Brings
 3. Thy grace ex - cels the Jor - dan, Which made the lep - er whole; Lo! thou hast healed the sick - ness, Which

CHORUS.

Je - sus' pierc - ed side. } Flow on, Flow on, sa - creü stream, flow
 to the soul re - lief. } flow on, flow on, flow on,
 was - tened in my soul. }
 on; Flow on, Flow on., O sa - cred stream, flow on.
 flow on; flow on, flow on, flow on, flow on.

MEET ME AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND.

I. BALTZELL, by per.



1. Meet me at the King's right hand, Scholars dear of mine; Gath- ered there, a joy - ful band,
 2. In that dread and sol - emn day Tribes of earth shall meet; Cast - ing off their proud ar - ray
 3. Oh, re - mem - ber in your youth, Time must pass a - way; Heed the Sav-iour's words of truth,
 4. Come to Christ, a will - ing band, Schol - ars dear of mine; Then, up - on the King's right hand,



CHORUS.



Saved by love di - vine, Let me see you wait-ing stand Read - y for the glo - ry-land;
 At the judg - ment-seat. } Think of that great day, I shall see you shine.



Robed and crowned with an - gels round, Robed and crowned with an - gels round, Meet me, oh,



MEET ME AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND. Concluded.

43

meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me! Meet me, oh, meet me at the King's right hand.

HAPPY GATHERING HOME.

A. S. KIEFFER.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. When life's day is o - ver, We shall gather home
 2. There to dwell for ev - er With the saints a - bove,
 3. There, on hills of Zi - on, Drinking wa - ters pure,

To our Father's man-sion, Blest with all the pleas-ure Sing-ing in God's presence
 Never more to roam; Of a Saviour's love. Evermore se - cure.

REFRAIN.

Hap - py gath'ring home, May that joy be thine, Hap - py gath'ring home, May that bliss be mine.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

R. M. McINTOSH, by per.



1. { I think I should mourn o'er my sor-row-ful fate, If sor-row in heav-en can be.
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, There wait-ing and watch-ing for me.
 2. { How sad-ly I'd feel in the heav-en-ly state, If sad-ness in heav-en can be.
 If no one should be at the beau-ti-ful gate, Con-duct-ed to glo-ry by me.
 3. { O Lord, I be-seech thee for wis-dom and grace, In win-ning lost souls un-to thee.
 That ma-ny may be in that beau-ti-ful place, A crown of re-joic-ing to me.



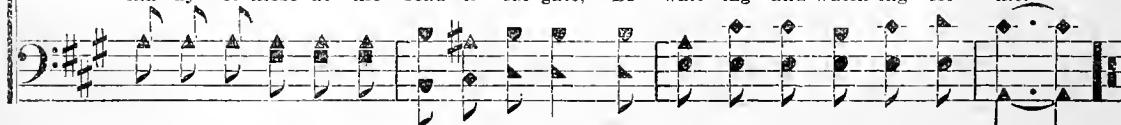
CHORUS.



"Yes, wait-ing and watch-ing for me, Yes, wait-ing and watch-ing for me; May
 Yes, walting and watch-ing for me, for me, Yes, waiting and watch-ing for me, for me; May



ma-ny of those at the beau-ti-ful gate, Be wait-ing and watch-ing for me.



Joyously.

CHORUS.

THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE HARBOR.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

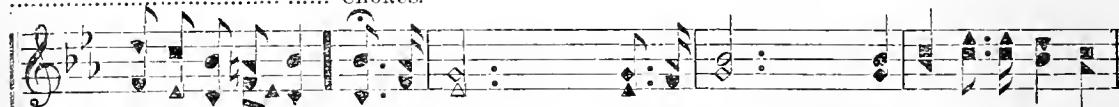
rit.....



1. I am sail ing o'er life's sea, Bound for Canaan's happy land, Onward glides the swinging keel, Quick the
 2. Tho' the billows high may toss, And the white-capp'd breakers foam, There's a hand upon the helm Which will
 3. Tho' my soul in patience waits, Soon I'll reach the golden shore, And with-in the Jas-per gates Sing his



CHORUS.



helm o - beys (the hand.) There's a light, There's a light, Poor sin - ner, it shines for
 guide you safely home, in the harbor, in the harbor, Poor sin - ner, it shines for
 praise for ev - er - more.)



rit.....



thee, There's a light, There's a light, Shining bright for you and me.
 for thee, in the harbor, in the harbor, in the har - bor,



COME TO THE FOUNTAIN.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

47

Arr. from FRANK M. DAVIS.

DUET.



1. Come to the life-giv-ing Fount-ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure;
2. Free-ly His love He be - stow - eth; Free-ly His ran-som He paid;
3. Grace all suf - fi-cient sus - tain - ing; Wis-dom to guide thee a - right;
4. Life in the heav-en - ly man-sions Free-ly He of-fers to thee;



Close with the of - fer of mer - cy, Trust, for His prom-ise is sure. { Oh,
 He from thy sin hath re - deem'd thee, On Him thy bur - den was laid.
 Out of the re - gions of dark - ness, In - to the king-dom of light.
 Joy in His pres - ence for - ev - er, This shall thy her - it age be.

EFRAIN.



Come to the life-giv-ing Fount - ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure!



Come to the life-giv-ing Fount - ain, Drink, for its wa-ters are pure!



MUSIC OVER YONDER.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. There is mu-sie o-ver yon-der, On the bright, e-ternal shore, Where the saints shall dwell with
 2. There is mu-sie o-ver yon-der, Where the crys-tal wa-ters glide, Where the tree of life is
 3. There is mu-sie o-ver yon-der, And the songs shall nev-er cease, For the saints shall dwell for-

Je-sus, All the bright for-ey-er more; All their years of sor-row end-ed, Where no
 ev-er Blooming by the sil-ver tide, Oh, what joy the heart is thrill-ing, O-ver
 ev-er With the Lord in per-fect peace. Soon we hope to join their cho-rus On the

night can ev-er come, They are sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing, In their glo-rious heav'n-ly home,
 on the shin-ing shore, Where they sing the song of Mos-es And the Lamb for-ev-er more;
 brighte-ter-nal shore, Where the saints shall be with Je-sus, All the bright for-ev-er more.

PRAY FOR YOUR BOY TO-NIGHT.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFFIN.

49

GEO. ROBT. CAIRNS.

SOLO.



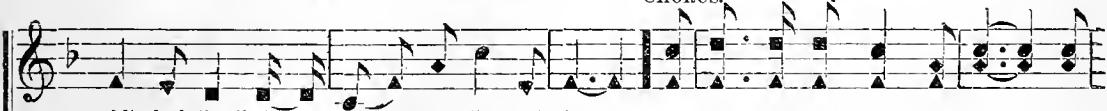
1. Once I was pure as dews that fall From the morn - ing clouds a - bove,
 2. Weary the world, and dark and wild, And with ma-ny a fa - tal snare,
 3. Moth-er, my heart is hard and cold, And is blighted with grief and care,
 4. Tho' in the toils of sin, your boy Yet is wan - d'ring far from home,

ACCOMP.

Now I am held in the
 As onward sweeps the
 Pray for your boy as
 Of - en he yearns for the



CHORUS.



world's dark thrall, A - - way from the Fa-ther's love.
 surg - ing tide, Far a - way from God and pray'r. } Then pray for your boy to - night, To
 oft of old, When a child be - side your chair. }
 old - en joy Be - - fore he be - gan to roam.



- night, oh! pray for me! Pray God to give your boy the light To lead him to heaven and thee.



D

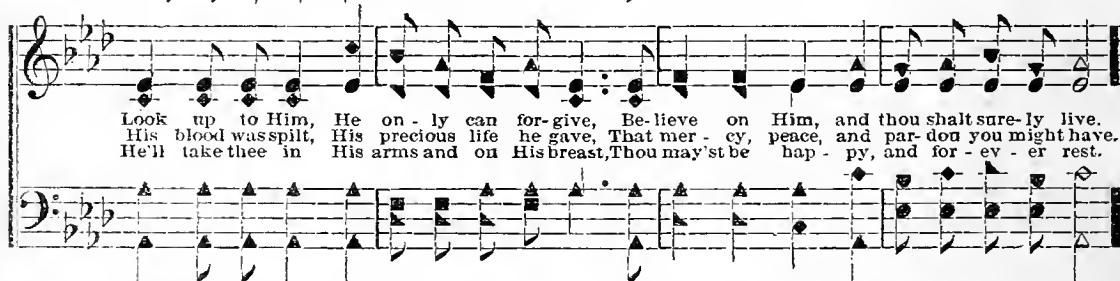
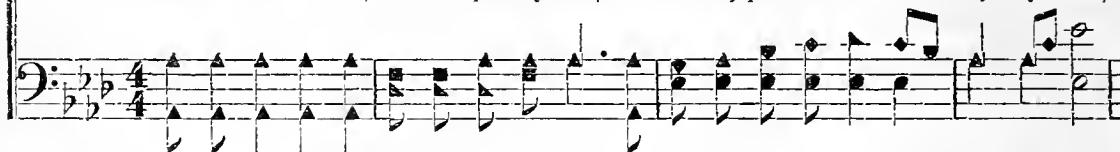
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GO AND TELL JESUS.

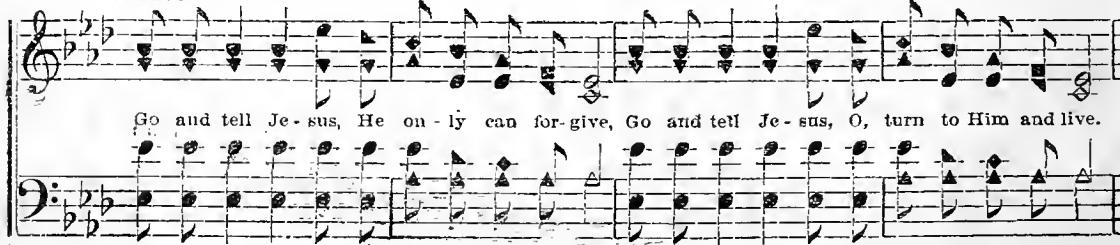
T. F. SEWARD, by per.



1. Go and tell Je-sus, wea-ry, sin-sick soul, He'll ease thee of thy bur-den, make thee whole;
2. Go and tell Je-sus, when yoursins a-rise Like mountains of deep guilt be-fore your eyes;
3. Go and tell Je-sus, He'll dis-pel thy fears, Will calm thy pain-ful doubts and dry thy tears;



CHORUS.



Go and tell Je-sus, He on-ly can for-give, Go and tell Je-sus, O, turn to Him and live.

GO AND TELL JESUS. Concluded.

21

Go and tell Je-sus, Go and tell Je-sus, Go and tell Je-sus, He on-ly can for-give.

DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

B.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. I come to thee, O bless-ed Lord, I'm at the fount-ain drink-ing!
 2. O won-drous love, that sought for me, I'm at the fount-ain drink-ing!
 3. I feel thy cleans-ing from all sin, I'm at the fount-ain drink-ing!

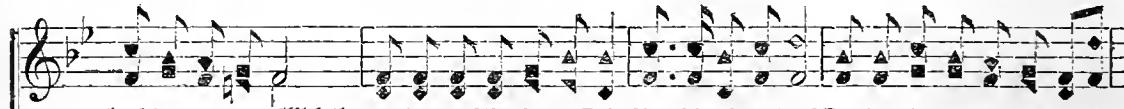
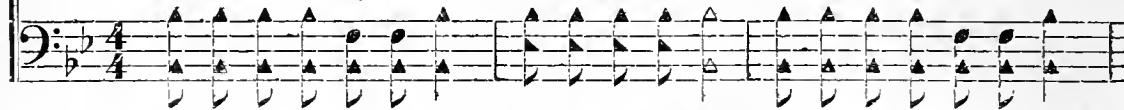
I claim the prom-ise of thy word, My soul is sat-is-fied!
 That pur-chas'd par-don full and free, My soul is sat-is-fied!
 It gives me joy and peace with-in, My soul is sat-is-fied!

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to God! I'm at the fountain drink-ing; Glo-ry to God! My soul is sat-is-fied!



1. When we've cross'd the Jasper Sea To the oth - er shore, Full of bliss our song shall be,
 2. To the judgement seat a - bove Swift - ly we'll re - pair, Saved from wrath thro' Je-sus' love,
 3. Cap-tive chains shall bind no more, When death sets us free; When we reach the oth - er shore,



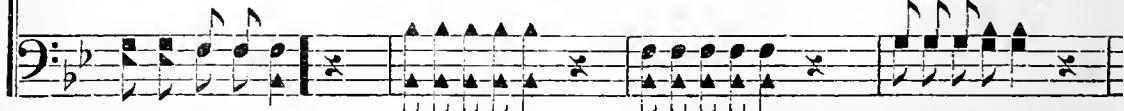
Praising evermore, With the angels round the throne, Robed in white they stand, Death and tears are never known,
 We shall see him there. Parting days will never come, Bright our home will be, When we reach the other shore,
 O'er the Jas - per sea. Parting days will never come, Bright our home will be, When we reach the other shore,



CHORUS.



In that hap - py land, When we reach..... the shore,..... O'er the Jas - - - per ..
 O'er the Jas - per Sea. O'er the Jas - per Sea. When we reach the shore, when we reach the shore, O'er the Jasper Sea,



THE JASPER SEA. Concluded.

53

Sea, Joy shall reign ev - er - more, And heav'n our home will be.
o'er the Jasper Sea, joy shall ever reign, joy shall ever reign,

W. P. D.

WE'RE GOING HOME BY AND BY.

W. P. DAVIDSON.

i. { Je-sus has gone to pre-pare us a home; We're go-ing home by and by, by and by:
Where pain and sor-row and death nev-er come; We're go-ing home by and by, by and by. }

CHORUS.

There we shall meet by the bright shining riv - er; We're go-ing home by and by, by and by:
Sing-ing the prais-es of Je-sus for - ev - er; We're go-ing home by and by, by and by.

2 There he hath made all our mansions complete;
We're going home by and by, by and by:
Soon in those mansions of love we shall meet:
We're going home by and by, by and by.—CHO.

3 Kindred and friends in that sweet home shall meet;
We're going home by and by, by and by:
There we shall walk on the bright, golden street:
We're going home by and by, by and by.—CHO.

NOT ALWAYS.

JAS. G. DOUTHITT.



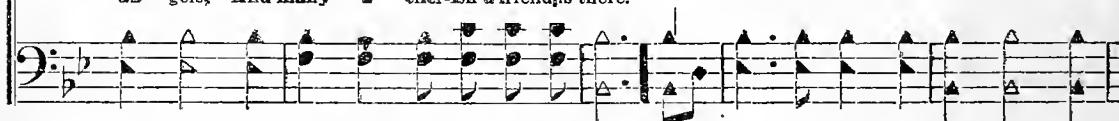
1. Not al - ways, pil - grim stranger, Not al - ways on our jour - ney home; The place for you pre -
 2. The mu - sic half is brill - iant, And sweet the cho - ral chant - ers there: 'Tis bright with shin - ing



CHORUS.



- per - ing, Will wel - come give when e'er you come. Not al - ways, no, not al - ways! Not
 an - gels, And many a cher - ish'd friend is there.



al - ways on our journey home; Soon with the white-robed angels We shall rest 'neath the bright, crystal dome.



3 The Prince of Life is with them,
 In majesty and peace serene;
 The mansions of the holy
 Are decked with lustrous golden sheen.—CHO.

4 With shouts of joy and triumph,
 They who have conquer'd in the fight,
 Are with their blessed Leader,
 Arrayed in robes of purest white.—CHO.

IN THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

LUCY MURRAY.

55

DUET.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. Wher-ev-er you may be, What-ev-er you may see That would lead you in to e-vil, say you may.
 2. The meadows may be green, Where by-path stile is seen, Turn a-side the lit-tle flow-ers seem to say.
 3. For on enchant-ed ground There's danger all a-round, And a thousand pleasant voices bid you stay.
 4. Our God will guide us right, And walking in the light, We shall win a crown of glo-ry in the day.

Oh, do not turn a-side, What-ev-er may be- tide, But keep along the middle of the King's high-way.
 Be sure you take no heed, They're trying to mislead, But keep along the middle of the King's high-way.
 With fingers stop your ears, And never mind the jeers, Just keep along the middle of the King's high-way.
 When Jesus calls his own Together round the throne Who keep along the middle of the King's high-way.

CHORUS.

We'll keep along the way, We'll keep along the way, We'll keep along the middle of the King's high-way,

We will not turn a-side What-ev-er may be- tide, But keep along the middle of the King's high-way.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

WM. B. BEADUEY.

With earnest, tender expression.

1. Je-sus, lover of my soul,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none—

Let me to thy bo-som fly,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

1. Je-sus, lover of my soul,
2. Oth-er ref-uge have I none—

Let me to thy bo-som fly,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

While the billows near me roll,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,

While the tempest still is high:
Still support and comfort me:

Hide me, O my Saviour.
All my trust on thee is

While the billows near me roll,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,

While the tempest still is high:
Still support and comfort me:

Hide me, O my Saviour.
All my trust on thee is

From "Fresh Laurels," by per. of BIGLOW & MAIN.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. Concluded.

hide, stayed, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - to the haven guide;
 All my help from thee I bring Cov - er my de-fence-less head

Sav-ionr, hide, Till the storm of life be past; Safe in - - - to the haven guide;
 thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring Cov - er my de-fenceless head

ritard.

O receive my soul at last, Safe into the haven guide; O receive my soul at last,
 With the shadow of thy wing. Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

O receive my soul at last, Safe in - - - to the haven guide; O receive my soul at last.
 With the shadow of thy wing. Cov - er my de-fenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.

BE YE ALSO READY.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. Ready when the dawn-ing Comes creeping cold and gray, And we waken up from slumber To
 2. Ready when the noon-tide Is quiv-er-ing with heat, And there stealeth o'er the spir-it A
 3. Ready when the eve-ning Fills lit-ly cups with dew, And the last bright beam of day-light Is

CHORUS.

greet an-oth-er day. } lan-guor dream-y, sweet. } Ready-y in the morn-ing, Read-y at the noon,
 fad-ing from our view. }

Ready-y at the e - ven-tide, Christ com - eth soon.

4 Ready in the midnight
 A vigil still to keep;
 Tho' the wearied eyes by watching
 Have closed themselves in sleep

5 Blessed be that servant,
 What time the Lord returns,
 Who in faithful trust is keeping
 A lamp that brightly burns.

BEAUTIFUL HOME ABOVE.

59

A. S. KIEFFER.

B. BLAKE.

1. In the cit - y of God, that home of the soul, Oh, how I long, long to be there
 2. There are man-sions of light in yon - der bright land, Mansions for you, mansions for me;
 3. There are an - gels of light in robes of pure white, Harp-ing their harps, sing-ing in love;
 4. There is Je - sus the Lamb who purchased my soul, Je - sus, my Lord, fountain of love;

FINE.

With the friends of my youth long gone to their rest, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
 There are fount - ains of love my lips long to taste, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
 There are prophe - ets and priests that walk in the light, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.
 There I trust to a - hide while a - ges shall roll, Beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

D.S.-bean - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home a - bove.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I'll sing of that home, that beautiful home, Beau - ti - ful home, beau - ti - ful home; I'll sing of that home, that

O REDEEMED!

Arr. from a "Spiritual."

O re-deem'd! re-deen'd! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

- deem'd! I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

FINE.

I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

1. Lord, I am thine, en-tire-ly thine,
2. With full con-sent thine would I be,
3. Grant one poor sin-ner more a place,
4. A wretch-ed sin-ner, lost to God,

I'm wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!

Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,

Purchas'd and saved by blood di-vine,
And own thy soy'reign right in me,
A-mong the chil-dren of thy grace,
But ran-som'd by In-manuel's blood.

D.C.

Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY FOR ME.

E. B. LATTA.

H. B. MATHIS.

61



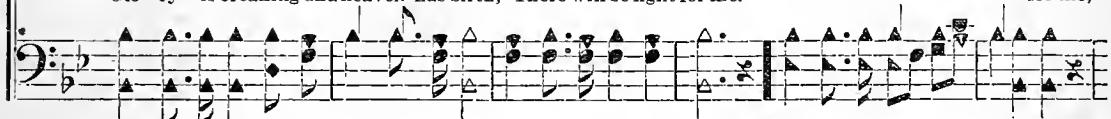
1. When to the earth I am bid - ding a-dieu, And in the dis - tance the mes - sen - ger see,
 2. Je - sus, who snf - fer'd and died for my sake, Then will my stay and my com - fort - er be;
 3. Now I am los - ing my hold up - on earth, Je - sus is ten - der - ly set - ting me free:



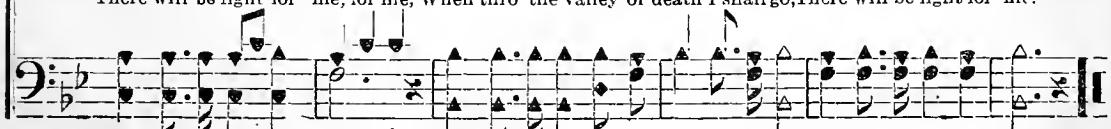
CHORUS.



'Twill not be darkness my soul go - eth thro', There will be light for me. There will be light for me,
 Heaven's bright dawn on my vis - ion shall break, There will be light for me.
 Glo - ry is breaking and heaven has birth, There will be light for me. for me,



There will be light for me, for me, When thro' the valley of death I shall go, There will be light for me.



BRING THEM TO THE FOLD.

LIZZIE UNDERWOOD.

J. B. VAUGHN. by per

FINE.

D.S.—Gath-er in the chil-dren, Hap - py lit - tle children: Gath-er in the children, Bring them to the fold.

CHORUS.

1. I have a Saviour, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And
 2. I have a Fa-ther; to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-ry my won-der-ing view; Oh,
 4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er— A peace that the friends of this world never knew; My
 5. When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the story, That my lov-ing Sav-iour is your Saviour, too; Then

now He is watching in ten-der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour, too!
 soon will He call me to meet Him in heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me, too!
 when I re-cieve it, all shin-ing in brightness, Dear friend, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one, too!
 Sav-iour a lone is its Au-thor and Giv-er, And oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
 pray that your Sav-iour may bring them to glo-ry, And prayer will be answered, 'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

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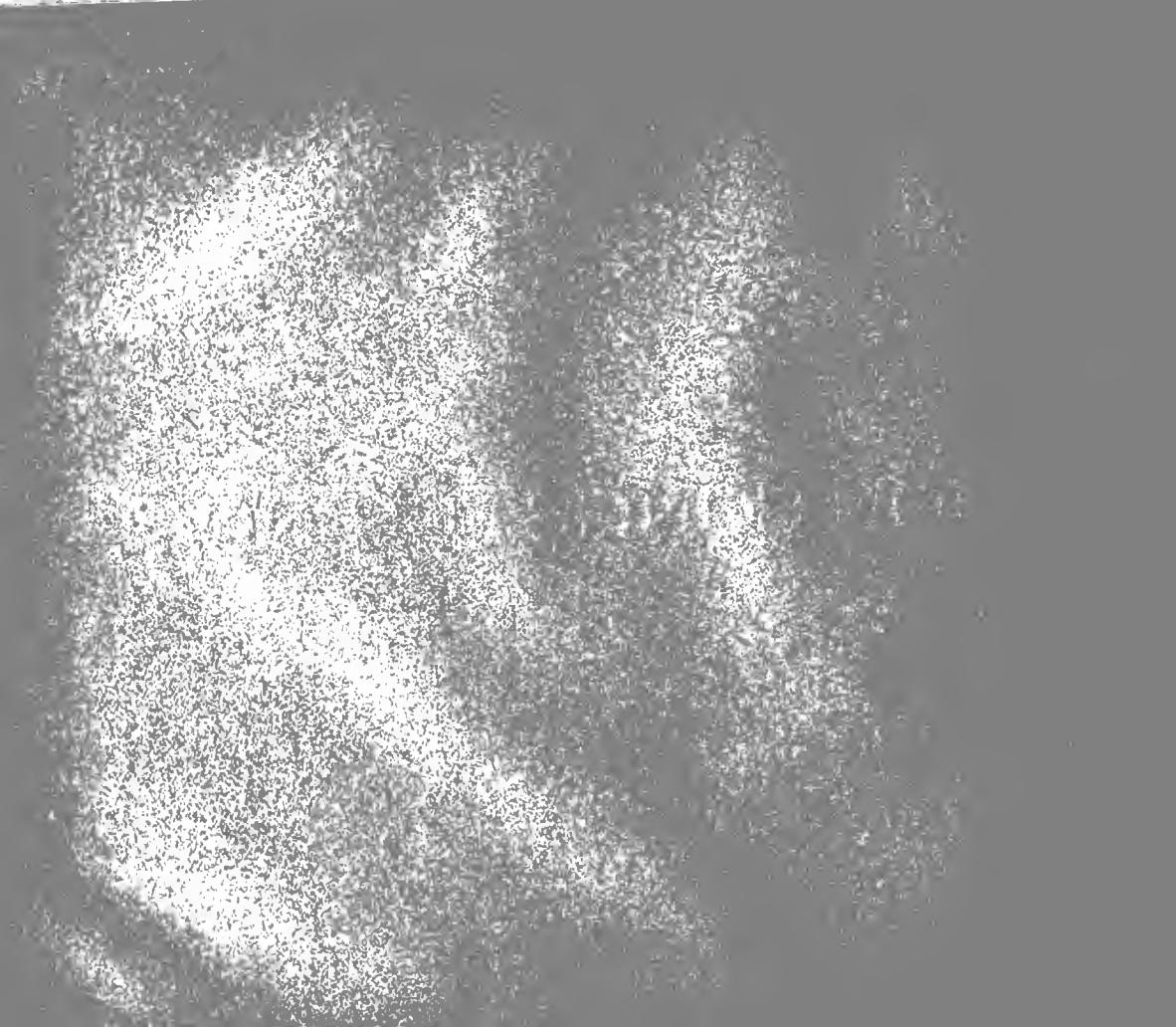
pp rall.

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.


 I N D E X.

PAGE.	PAGE.		
Abide with me.....	9	I'll be there.....	11
A home over Jordan.....	8	In the King's highway.....	55
All around the world.....	36	I'm redeemed.....	30
A pilgrim song.....	24	Jesus, Lover of my soul.....	56
Around the Saviour's lofty throne.....	18	Light in the valley for me.....	61
At the beautiful gate.....	44	Meet me at the King's right hand.....	42
Beautiful home above.....	59	Music over yonder.....	48
Be ye also ready.....	58	My Friend.....	17
Bring them to the fold.....	62	My Redeemer lives.....	40
Burton.....	33	Not always.....	54
Children of Zion.....	10	Oh, how sweet.....	28
Come to the fountain.....	47	Oh, sweet Sabbath morning.....	4
Daran.....	35	O redeemed.....	60
Drinking at the fountain.....	51	Over there.....	16
Enough for me.....	12	Pray for your boy to-night.....	49
Ever will I pray.....	21	Sacred stream.....	41
Fly as the doves to their windows.....	6	Singing glory hallelujah.....	13
Georgia.....	5	Sweet friendship.....	15
Gibson.....	14	The brighter shore.....	19
Glory be to the Father.....	32	The evergreen mountains of life.....	22
Go and tell Jesus.....	50	There's a light in the harbor.....	46
Golden harps are sounding.....	20	The Jasper Sea.....	53
Happy gathering home.....	43	To be there.....	34
Happy Zion.....	3	Tribute.....	23
Have you heard the good news.....	26	Welcome to glory.....	7
He will receive me.....	38	We're going home by and by.....	53
Hosanna.....	45	What a gathering that will be.....	31
I am going home in the morning.....	25	Whiter than snow.....	37
I am praying for you.....	63	Yes, there's room.....	29
I am with Thee every hour.....	39		

ZION SONGSTER NO. 2.



THE

ZION SONGSTER

NO. 2.

FOR

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EDITED BY

• ALDINE S. KIEFFER. •

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs
and everlasting joy upon their heads.—ISAIAH.

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ZION SONGSTER.

No. 2.

ZIONWARD.

A. S. KIEFFER.

FINE.

1. { Chris - tians, I am on my jour - ney, — Ere I reach the nar - row sea, }
I would tell the won - drous sto - ry, What the Lord has done for me.
D.C.—I am on my way to Zi - on, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Though a stran - ger here I roam;

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Taught my heart to seek his face;
From a wild and lonely desert,
Brought me to his fold of grace.

3 Now my soul with rapture glowing
Sings aloud his pard'ning love,

Looks beyond a world of sorrow
To the pilgrim's home above.

4 I shall yet behold my Saviour
When the day of life is o'er,
I shall cast my crowns before him,
I shall praise him evermore.

THE WONDROUS STORY.

J. B. BARROWS.

C. E. E.

1. O! how wondrous is the sto - ry! How the matchless Son of God
 2. O! what love is here a - bound-ing! How it hu-man love transcends!
 3. Who will slight his ten- der plead-ing? Who re-sist such melting love?

Left his home of heav'nly Je-sus dies to bring his
 Come ac-cept his tree and

glo - ry, and for us He in - ter-posed his pre - cious blood. } Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le
 en - e - mies to God, To re - con-cile and make us friends. } Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le
 full sal - va - tion now, And then we'll reign with him a - bove. }

- lu - jah, To the Lamb once slain up - on the tree, And now he pleads be - fore the
 - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

THE WONDROUS STORY. Concluded.

5

Now he pleads be - fore his Fa - ther's throne a - bove,

throne, He pleads be - fore his Fa - ther's throne a - bove, And in - ter - cedes for you and me.
Now he pleads, he pleads be - fore the throne,

throne,

His Fa - ther's throne a - bove,

LITTLE ONES LIKE ME.

Arr. by WM. B. BLAKE.

Slowly.

1. Je - sus, when he left the sky, And for sin - ners came to die, In his mier - cy
2. Moth - ers then the Say - ion sought In the pia - ces where he taught, And to him their

passed not by — Lit - tle ones like me.

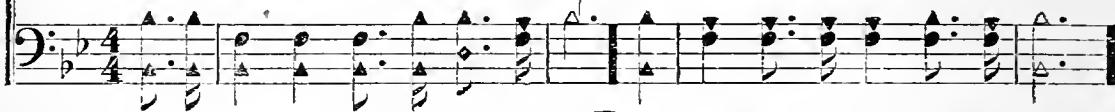
3 Did the Saviour say them nay?
No, he kindly bade them stay;
Suffered none to turn away
Little ones like me.

4 Children, then, should love him too,
Strive his holy will to do,
Pray to him, and praise him too—
Little ones like me.

THE HEALING FLOOD.



1. To the Fount of Cleans - ing I have been, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
 2. I have found the peace the ran - sum'd know, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;
 3. I have found the balm for my sick soul, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;



I am cleans'd with - out and cleans'd with - in, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 I en - joy the love He doth be - stow, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!
 To the ut - ter - most I am made whole, Been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb!



CHORUS.



O, the pre-ious blood that wash-es white as snow! See the crim-son tide from Cal-vry's mountain flow!



THE HEALING FLOOD. Concluded.

7

'Tis a heal - ing flood of pre - cious blood, It wash - es, yes, it wash - es white as snow,

A SINNER LIKE ME.

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I once was a - way from the Sav - iour, And as vile as a sinner could be,
 2. I wan-der'd a - way in the dark - ness, Not a ray of true light could I see,
 3. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus, And then oh, what a joy came to me;
 4. No lon - ger in dark - ness I'm walk - ing, For the light is now shin - ing on me.

I won - der'd if Christ, the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
 The thought filled my poor heart with sad - ness, No hope for a sin - ner like me.
 My heart o - ver-flow'd with his prais - es, For saw - ing a sin - ner like me.
 And now un - to oth - ers I'm tell - ing, He say'd a poor sin - ner like me.

Moderato.

1. O, have you not heard of a beau - ti - ful shore, Where time ceases never, and night comes no more?
 2. That beau - ti - ful home is for you and for me, There's bliss in its mansions, its walls I can see,
 3. How sweet it will be on that beau - ti - ful shore, Where sorrow and parting shall meet us no more?
 4. O yes, I have heard of that beau - ti - ful shore, Where time ceases never, and night comes no more;

There joy, sweet-ly reign-ing, we'll ev - er be blest,
 There Je - sus of Naz - a - reth we can be - hold,
 "With songs and with honors," we'll march to that land,
 There Je - sus is reign-ing, we'll ev - er be blest,

Where pilgri ms may dwell in that home-land of rest.
 The King of all king-doms, we'll come to his feld.
 To meet the dear loved ones, that glo - ri - fied band.
 We'll serv - er no more in that sweet-land of rest.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

eres.

That beau - ti - ful shore, Is the home of the blest,
 That beau - ti - ful shore, that beau - ti - ful shore, The home of the blest, the home of the blest.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE. Concluded.

9

We'll sev - - er no more, . . . In that beau - ti - ful land of sweet rest.
 We'll sev - er no more, we'll sev - er no more,

A. S. X.

THE EDEN OF LOVE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Oh, when shall I dwell in my Fa-ther's bright home, From sor - row and sin ev - er free,
 2. Oh, fair are the halls in that pal - ace of song, And sweet - ly the ran - som'dones sing,
 3. There safe shall I rest when life's jour - ney is o'er, And sing with the loved ones a - bove,

With fair, shin-ing an - gels for - ev - er to roam, And my bless - ed Re-deem - er to see?
 As a - ges of bliss flood their bright tide a - long In that home of the Sav - iour, our King.
 There dwell with my Sav - iour and friends ev - er-more In that sweet, hap - py E - den of love.

1. Hark - en to the Sav - iour's voice, Call - ing now to all, Sin - ner, make him
 2. Friends and loved ones of the Lord, Call - ing ev - ry one, Come and sing the
 3. O, ac - cept a Sav - iour's love, Come and take it now, Fix your thoughts on

now your choice, Hear, O hear him call! Why not serve the Lord in youth,
 sweet - est song, Come, O sin - ner, come! Why not serve him while you can,
 things a - bove, Sin - ner, why not now? He will give you all sweet rest

And be - fore him bow?
 Come and make your vow?
 Come to him just now,

Why not serve him now in truth, Sin - ner, why not now?
 Why do you so i - dle stand? Sin - ner, why not now?
 Come, poor sin - ner, and be blest, Sin - ner, why not now?

CLOSE TO JESUS.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

11

1. Close to the side of Je - sus,— Safe in his love and care; Hap - py the soul from
 2. Close to the side of Je - sus,— Striv - ing to do his will; Try - ing 'o serve him
 3. Close to the side of Je - sus,— All thro' the jour - ney lone; Sun - shi r cloud he
 Chorus.—Close to the side of Je - sus,— Safe in his love and care; Hap - py e soul from

FINE.

dan - ger, Peace - ful - ly rest - ing there. Trust - ing a - lone his mer - ey,
 bet - ter, Claim - ing his prom - ise still; What tho' the way be lone - ly,
 o'er me, Him will I trust a - lone: Then, when the waves of Jor - dan
 dan - ger, Peace - ful - ly rest - ing there.

D. C. for CHORUS.

Lean-ing up - on his breast, Here will I dwell for - ev - er, Here will I make my rest.
 Dan-gers a-round me fall, Je - sus With him a - lone can save me, On him I cast my all.
 Roll at my trembl-ing feet, With him a - lone to guide me, Triumph will be com - plete.

EASTER LILIES.

W. S. MARTIN, by der.



1. East - er lil - les, fair and sweet, Bring them wet with dew To the bless-ed Saviour's feet,
 2. Je - sus loved the lil - les fair, Think of them, said he: "Tho' they neil-ther toil nor spin,
 3. As the flow'rs from win - ter's death, In the spring-time bloom, So our Sav-iour lives on high,
 4. Like the lil - les are our lives, Op - 'ning one by one; Some are ful - ly o - pen now,
 5. Some are on - ly lit - tie buds, Where-so - e'er they be, Je - sus, take them as thine own,



CHORUS.



He who died for you,
 What can fair - er be? } May we like the ill - ies be, Pure and ho - ly,
 Vic - tor o'er the tomb. } Some have just be - gun. }
 Some have just be - gun. } May they bloom for thee.



just like thee; From all sin may we be free, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.



TELL US SOMETHING MORE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

E. ROBERTS, by per.

13

1. Tell us something more of the love of Je - sus, Chris - tian, tell us some-thing more;
 2. Tell us something more of the Cru - ci - fix - ion, Tell us how he bled and died;
 3. Tell us something more of the Ho - ly Cit - y, Where they strewed the way with palms;

CHORUS.

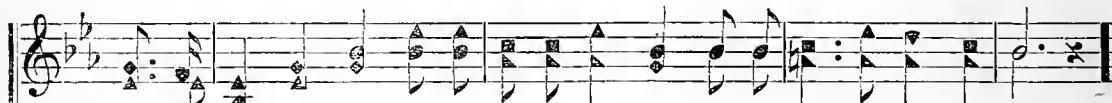
Tell us how he suf-fer'd death for sin-ners, Tell us of the cross he bore.
 Tell us of the blood that ev - er cleans-es, Flow-ing from his wounded side. } Tell us, Chris - tian,
 Tell us how he gath-er'd lit - tle chil-dren In - to his most lov - ing arms.

tell us, Tell us something more; Tell us, Chris - tian, tell us, Tell us something more.

ZACCHEUS



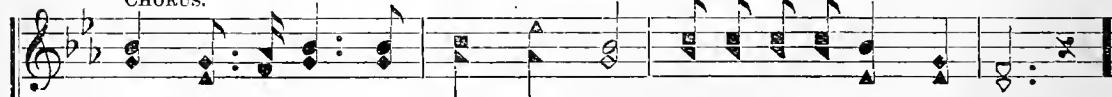
1. Thro' the crowd-ed streets of Jer-i-cho, see The ho-ly Naz-a-rene go;
 2. In the branch-es of a syc-a-more tree, The joy-ful pub-li-can see;
 3. Like an ear-nest lit-tle Zac-che-us, I, Would fain the ho-ly One see;



Hear the shout of praise from the hap-py ones there, Who his heal-ing vir-tues know.
 Hear the Mas-ter's voice, say-ing, "Zac-che-us, come, For I must a-bide with thee."
 I would haste with joy at the blessed com-mand, "For I must a-bide with thee."



CHORUS.



Praise ye the Lord, his mer-cies show, Ev-er in his love con-fide;



ZACCHEUS. Concluded.

25

More than we ask will be be - stow, Will-ing- ly with us a - bide.

CLIFTON.

Unknown.

1. There is a Land, a hap - py land, Where tears are wiped a - way From ev - 'ty eye by
 2. There is a Home, a hap - py home, Where wayworn trav'lers rest, Where toil and lan-guor
 3. There is a Port, a peace - ful port, A safe and qui - et shore, Where wea - ry ma - ri -
 4. There is a Clime, a glo - rious clime, A re - gion fair and calm, Where all a-round are
 5. That land be mine, that calm re - treat, That crown of glo - ry bright; Then I'll es - teem each

God's own hand, And night is turned to day, And night is turned to day.
 - - - - - ev - 'ry mourn - er's - - - - - blest, And ev - 'ry mourn - er's - - - - - blest.
 - - - - - re - sort When life's rough voyage is o'er, When life's rough voyage is o'er.
 - - - - - scenes sub - lime, And all the air is balm, And all the air is balm.
 - - - - - bit - ter sweet, And ev - 'ry bur - den light, And ev - 'ry bur - den light.

SAY, ARE YOU READY?

Rev. W. H. SAMSELL.



1. Should the Death-An-gel knock at thy chamber
 2. Ma - ny sad spir-i-ts now are de-part-ing In the still watch of to - night,
 3. Ma - ny redeem'dones now are as-cend-ing In - to the world of de - spair;
 In - to the mansions of light;



Say, will your spir-it pass in - to tor-ment, Or to the land of de - light?
 Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer, Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 Je - sus is plead-ing high up in glo - ry, Seek - ing to save you to - night.



REFRAIN.



Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y, If the Death-An - gel should call?



SAY, ARE YOU READY? Concluded.

Ritard.

Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y? Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

Q are you read - v?

Mer - cy stands waiting for all.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

C. E. POLLOCK,

CHORUS.

1. { God, make my life a lit - tle light, Within the world to glow; } Lit - tle light, lit - tle light,
A lit - tie flame that burneth bright Wherever I may go. Little light, little light,

Lit-le light, lit-le light,
Little light, little light,

Wher-ev - er I may go: Lit-tle light, lit-tle light, Wher-er - er I may go.

Little light, little light

2 God, make my life a single flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.—*Cho.*

3 God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.—Cho.

4 God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise:
Of faith—that never waxeth dim—
In all his wondrous ways.—*Cho.*

BATTLE HYMN.

English. Arr. by WM. B. LAKE.

CHORUS.

1. { Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll' - wer of the Lamb, } And when the bat - tle's o - ver
 (And shall I fear to ewn his cause, Or blush to speak his name?)

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown!

FINE.

And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

BATTLE HYMN. Concluded.

15

D.S.

Wear a crown, Wear a crown, wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shin-ing crown;

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas? — Cho.

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God? — Cho.

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word. — Cho.

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. The blood that flow'd from Cal-va-ry, From all my sins now cleanses me, I'll praise the Lord, my soul is free,
2. O won-der-ful sal-va-tion this! Unmeasur'd wealth of love and peace! I'll praise the Lord, my soul is free,
3. With joy I tell to others round What depths of mercy I have found; I'll praise the Lord, my soul is free,

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

For the blood now cleanses me. } This fountain cleanses from all sin, And ev'-ry one may now plunge in:
For the blood now cleanses me. }
For the blood now cleanses me. }

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

REV. 20: 15.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

M. A. Z.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of heav - en,
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my Sav - iour,
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man-sions of light, With its glo - ri - fied be - ings,

I would en - ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its pag - es so fair,
 Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy prom - ise is writ-ten In bright let - ters that glow,
 In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

CHORUS

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Is my name writ-ten there? }
 "Though your sins be as sear - let, I will make them like snow." }
 Where the an - gels are watch-ing, Is my name writ-ten there? } Is my name writ-ten there,

On the page white and fair, In the book of thy kingdom, my name written there?

LONG TIME AGO.

Arrangement and Refrain by WM. B. BLAKE.

LONG TIME AGO.

1. Je-sus died on Calvary's mountain, Long years a-go,
2. Once his voice in tones of pit-y Melt-ed in woe,
3. On his head the dews of midnight Fell, long a - go.
4. Je-sus died—yet lives for-ev-er, No more to die— Bleeding Je-sus, Blessed Saviour, Now reigns on high!
5. Now in heav'n he's in-terced-ing For dy-ing men, Soon he'll finish all his pleading, And come a - gain.
6. When he comes a voice from heaven Shall pierce the tomb, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, Children, come home."

REFRAIN.

Now free-ly flows, Now free-ly flows, And sal-va-tion's roll-ing fountain Now free-ly flows!

Long years a - go, Sits on his brow, Now reigns on high, And come a - gain, "Chil-dren, come home, Now free-ly flows, Now free-ly flows, And sal-va-tion's roll-ing fountain Now free-ly flows!"

And he wept o'er Ju-dah's cit-y, Now a crown of dazzling sunlight Sits on his brow, Bleeding Je-sus, Bless-ed Sav-iour, Now reigns on high!

Soon he'll fin-ish all his pleading, And come a - gain, Come, ye blessed of my Fa-ther, Chil-dren, come home."

SING HIS PRAISE.

Arranged by A. S. KLEFFER.

2:2 4

1. Would yon be as an-gels are, Sing, sing, sing his praise; Would yon ban-ish ev'-ry care,
 2. If the world up-on you frown, Sing, sing, sing his praise; If you're left to sing a-lone,
 3. For his won-drous, dy-ing love, Sing, sing, sing his praise: That he in-ter-cedes a-hove,

2:2 4

Sing, sing, sing his praise. Like the lark up-on the wing, Like the warbling birds of spring,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise. If sad tri-als come to yon, As to ev'-ry one they do,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise. Thus whene'er you come to die, You shall soar be-yond the sky,

Like the crys-tal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, sing his praise.
 Find that they are bles-sings too, Sing, sing, sing his praise.
 And with an-gel choirs on high, Sing, sing, sing his praise.

4 Brighter thus our joys shall be,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise;
 In a long eternity,
 Sing, sing, sing his praise.
 Happy then with Christ to live,
 And his loving smiles receive,
 All the praise to him we'll give:
 Sing, sing, sing his praise.

THE "OCEAN GROVE" SONG.

Rev. E. H. STOKES.

23

E. M. BRUCE, by per.

1. Hail, thou ev - er roll-ing o - cean, Hail, thou ev - er heaving sea; Sun - light on thy bo-som
 2. Wid - er than the surging bil - lows, High - er than the silv - ry waves, Roll the tid - ings of sal -
 3. See the glo - ry, friends of Je - sus, On this o - cean, deep and wide; But a glo - ry clearer,
 4. Yes, launch out, ye friends of Je - sus, Spread your sails for that blest shore; Praise the Lord, the Pilot's

CHORUS.

gleam - eth Light and shade al - ter - nate - ly.
 - va - tion - Flows the pre - cious blood that saves. } Far be - yond the roll - ing bil - lows
 bright - er, Lies be - yond this swelling tide.
 with us, We are safe for ev - er - more.

ritard.

Lies a cit - y bright and fair, Glo - ry to our skillful Pi - lot, Soon He'll bring our spir - its there.

JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

D. W. CRIST, by arr.

Joyfully.

1. O - ver the val - leys, hill - tops and monntains, Rings out the shout from wood - land and plain:
 2. Cheering each pil - grim, way-worn and wea - ry, No more we hear him fret or com - plain:
 3. Com-ing to take us o - ver the riv - er, Where wo shall sing of him who was slain:



Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fount - ains, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Bright is the way that once was so drear - y, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.
 Glad - ly, then, sing his prais - es for - ev - er, Je - sus to earth is com - ing a - gain.



CHORUS.



Com - ing a - gain, O glo - ri - ous the tid - ings! Let all the earth take up the glad re - frain;



JESUS IS COMING AGAIN. Concluded.

25

Shout it a-lond, ye isles of the o - cean, Je - sus to earth is com-ing a - gain.

THE HAPPY LAND.

1. There is a hap-py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.
 2. Come to that hap-py land, Come, come a - way, Why will ye doubt-ing stand, Why still de - lay?
 3. Bright in that hap-py land, Beams ev - 'ry eye: Kept by a Fa-ther's hand, Love can - not die.

Oh, how they sweet-ly sing, "Wor - thy is our Sav-iour King," Loud let his prais-es ring; Praise, praise for aye!
 Oh, we shall hap-py be, When from sin and sor - row free, Lord, we shall dwell with thee, Blest, blest for aye.
 Oh, then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and Kingdom won; And bright, a-bove the sun, We'll reign for aye.

WILL YOU COME?

A. B. CONDO.

1 2

1. { Je - sus whis - pers, Come, to the lit - tie ones, He in - vites you to come, one and all;
 O I know you will kneel be - fore him now, And re - ceive your re-mis - sion of sin.

2. { He will fill your heart with his boundless love, And give rest to the wea - ry and worn;
 And he'll take you home to the realms a - bove, "For of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

CHORUS.

Will you come, Will you come, Will you come un - to the Sav-iour now?
 Will you come, Will you come,

Je - sus says to all, "Come un - to me now, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

LITTLE MOSES.

G. B. STREET. 27

1. By the side of the riv - er so clear, The la - di es were wend - ing their way;
 2. By the side of the riv - er so clear, The in - fant was lone - ly and sad;
 3. Then a - way by the riv - er so clear, They car - ried that beau - ti - ful child;

As Pha - ra - oh's daughter stepped down to the wa - ter To bathe in the cool of the day.
 She took him in pit - y, and thought him so pret - ty, And made lit - tle Mo - ses so glad.
 To his own ten - der moth - er, his sis - ter and broth - er, Then Mo - ses looked happy and smiled;

Be - fore it was dark, she o - pened the ark, And found the sweet in - fant was there.
 She called him her own, her beau - ti - ful son, And sent for a nurse that was near.
 His moth - er, so good, done all that she could To rear him and teach him with care.

4 Then away by the sea that was red,
 Stood Moses the servant of God,
 While in him confided the deep was divided,
 As upward he lifted his rod;
 The Jews safely crossed while Pharaoh's host,
 Was drowned in the waters and lost. :|:

5 Then away on the mountain so high
 The last one he ever might see:
 While Israel victorious, his hope was most glorious,
 Would soon over Jordan be free;
 :|: Then his labors did cease, he departed in peace,
 And rests in the heaven above. :|:

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

English Melody.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus, he's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The Lil - y of the Val - ley, in
 -ta - tion he's my strong and might - y tow'r; I've all for him for - sak - en, and
 live by faith and do his bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, and I've

D.S.-Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

FINE.

him a - lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
 noth - ing now to fear, With his man - na he my hun - gry soul shall fill.

bright and Morn - ing Star, He's the ' fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.

29

In sor - row he's my com - fort, In troub - le he's my stay,
 Though all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me, sore,
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry to see his bless - ed face,
 In and to

He tells me ev - ry care safe on him reach to roll, He's the
 Through Je - sus I shall de - light shall ev - er goal. He's the
 Where riv - ers of shall de - light shall ev - er goal. He's the
 Riv - ers of shall de - light shall ev - er goal. He's the

D.S.

TO-DAY.

1. To - day the Sav - iour calls: Ye wand'rous come; O ye be - night-ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 2. To - day the Sav - iour calls; For ref - uge fly! The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 3. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not a - way; 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

1. When the sow-ing and the rea-ping In his vine-ard here are done, When e - ter-ni-ty un - fold-eth,
 2. When the last kind word is spo-ken To the er-ring here be - low, When the tears of faithful ser-vants
 3. When the Mas-ter of the har-vest Call-eth all the lab-rers in, And to place the crowns e - ter-nal

And the course of Time is run; When, ac - cord-ing to his do-ings, Each his rec - ommend-ation re - ceives,
 Have for - ev - er ceased to flow, Then shall each who works for Je - sus, And his prom - is - es be - lieves,
 On their foreheads shall be - gin, Shall we he a - mong the num-ber, And our off - ring he but leaves?

CHORUS.

If of good, or if of e - vil, Shall we come with gold-en sheaves. } Some will come with gold-en sheaves.
 Come re - joic-ing in his la - bors, Bear-ing with him gold-en sheaves. } Some will come with gold-en sheaves.
 Je - sus, we would come re - joic-ing, Bear-ing with us gold-en sheaves.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. Concluded.

21



Shall we noth- ing bring but leaves? Gold-en sheaves, gold-en sheaves! Je-sus, give us bright gold-en sheaves.



I WOULD BE READY, LORD.

M. J. PRESTON.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. I would be ready,
2. I would be watching,
3. I would be living,
Lord, Lord, Lord,
My With house in or - der set,
With lamp well-trimmed and clear,
As ev - er in thine clear,
in thine eye,

None of the work thou gav - est me To do un - fin - ish'd yet.
Quick to throw open wide - est the door What time thou draw - est near.
For whoso lives the hol - iest life Is read - i - est to die.

GREETING SONG.
(FOR ANNIVERSARIES, PICNICS, REUNIONS.)

Arrangement and Chorus by
WM. B. BLAKE.

Brightly.

1. We're coming with jubilant voices, We're coming with jubilant voices, To hail it, to hail it,
 2. We greet you with tokens of pleasure, We greet you with tokens of pleasure, With gladness, with gladness,
 3. We thank the dear Lord for each blessing, We thank the dear Lord for each blessing, Up-on us, up-on us,

This happy and beautiful day. Each one of our number rejoices, Each one of our number rejoices,
 This happy and beautiful day. To teachers and scholars a treasure, To teachers and scholars a treasure,
 This happy and beautiful day. And ev'ry kind favor possessing, And ev'ry kind favor possessing,

CHORUS.

To hail it, to hail it, This happy and beautiful day. To hail it, to hail it, This happy and beautiful day.
 Your presence to cheer us—This happy and beautiful day. To share it, to share it, This happy and beautiful day.
 To share it, to share it, This happy and beautiful day.

GREETING SONG. Concluded.

33

This happy and beau-ti - ful day! March, march, march away, This happy and beau-ti - ful day.

"COME TO ME." (Chant.)

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and;
 2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my
 3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en
 4. Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting
 5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and

storm - y sea;
 soul - may flee;
 joy, and see;
 place for thee;
 ag - o - ny,

Yet, 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly
 Oh! to the weary, faint, oppress, How sweet the
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, A sweet voice
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye: I am thy
 Support me, cheer me from above, And gently

whis - per, Come to me.
 bid - ding, Come to me.
 ut - ters, Come to me.
 per - tion, Come to me.
 whis - per, Come to me.

LET ME CLING TO THEE

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, While I sail o'er life's rough sea,
2. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When my sins are press-ing me,
3. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When the path I fail to see,
4. Let me cling to thee, O Rock of A - ges, When I near e - ter - ni - ty.

While the shad-ows thick-ly round me gath-er, Let me ev-er cling to thee.
When the tem-pest's fie-ry darts are fly-ing, Let me ev-er cling to thee.
When the cup of sor-row is o'er-flow-ing, Let me ev-er cling to thee.
When I pass that dark and lone-ly val-ley, Let me ev-er cling to thee.

CHORUS.

Let me ey - er cling to thee. O Rock of Ages, Cling to thee, cling to thee;

LET ME CLING TO THEE. Concluded.

35

While the storm of life a-round is rag - - ing, Let me ev - er, ev - er clinging to thee.

THE PROMISED LAND.

H. E. ENGLE.

1. { On Jor-dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, } O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
 To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-sessions lie. }
 2. { There gen'rous fruits that nev-er fail On trees im-mor-tal grow; } All o'er those wide ex-tended plains,
 { There rocks and hills and brooks and vales, With milk and hon-ey flow. }

That ris - es to my sight! Sweet fields arrayed in liv - ing green, And riv - ers of de - light.
 Shines one e - ter - nal day; There God the Son, for ev - er reigns, And seat - ters night a - way.

MARCHING HOME.

With our banners wav-ing high, with our fa - ces to the sky, We are marching to Zi - on to - day;
 2. Je - sus is our lead-er true, ev - er keep-ing us in view, Lest a - way from the path we may rove;
 3. Come and join our hap-py band, marching to the promised land, Un-der Je - sus, our Cap - tain and guider.

And al-though the way be long we will cheer it with a song, Of the bright Ca - naan-land far a - way.
 We must stead - i - ly press on till the fi - nal rest is won In the man - sions of glo - ry and love.
 We shall have a cho sen place in the Kingdom of his grace, When the ar - my has crossed Jor - dan's tide.

CHORUS.

Marching home, Marching home, Marching home, Marching home, ev' - ry day;
 Marching home, Marching home, Marching home, Marching home, marching home;

MARCHING HOME. Concluded.

37

Tho' the way be rough and long we will cheer it with a song, Of the bright Ca-naan-land far a-way.

THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE.

Arr. from Rev. J. A. WALL.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. Oh, my Sav - iour will soon call me home, Yes, my Sav - iour will soon call me home, Oh, how
 2. I will walk in the light of the Cross, Yes, I'll walk in the light of the Cross, Keeping
 3. And when I am hap - py in heav'n, And when I am hap - py in heav'n, You can
 4. I will sing with the an - gels a - bove, I will sing with the an - gels a - bove, And so

Chorus.—I will walk thro' the val - ley in peace, I will walk thro' the val - ley in peace, If the

D. C. for CHORUS.

hap - py the day when my soul soars a - way To its home with the Sav - iour a - bove.
 near to the side of my Lord eru - ci - fied, Counting ev' - ry-thing else but as dross.
 shed not a tear, but re - joice that I'm there, And re - mem - ber I'm hap - py in heav'n.
 loud will I sing that I'll make heav - en ring. Hal - ie - lu - ja! to God and the Lamb.

Sav - iour will go thro' its shad - ows with me, I will walk thro' the val - ley in peace.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men;



FINE.



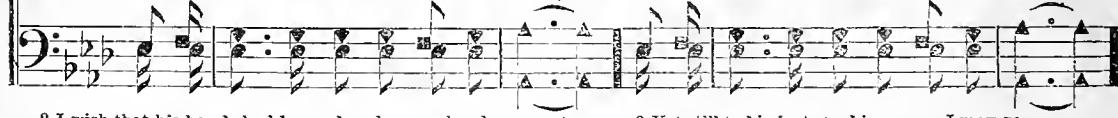
D.S.—How he called lit - tie chil - dren like lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.



REFRAIN.



I should like to have been with them then, I should like to have been with them then;



2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
"Let the little ones come unto me,
Let the little ones come unto me."
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."

3 Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.
I shall see him and hear him above,
I shall see him and hear him above,
And if I now earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

A. S. KIEFFER.

M. S. KERBY.

39

1. There are man-sions of love in the land far a - bove, Which the Sav - iour has gone to pre - pare,
 2. There's a fountain whose stream sparkles bright in the gleam Of a day that shall not end in night,
 3. Of that fountain of love in that land far a - bove, May we drink when life's jour - ney is o'er,

S.

FINE.

And the chil - dren who pray as they walk in life's way, In those mansions shall each have a share.
 And its wa - ters make glad all the wea - ry and sad Who have gone to that land of de - light.
 And with an - gels of light share its splen - dors so bright In those mansions of love ev - er - more.

D.S.—There are streets of pure gold, there are pleasures un - told, And the an - gels will wel - come you there.

CHORUS.

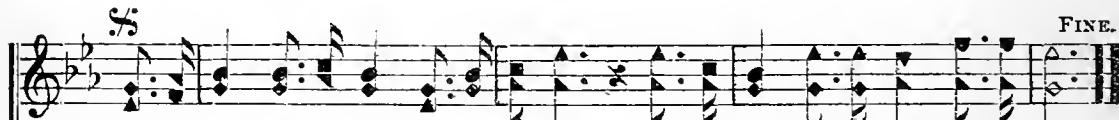
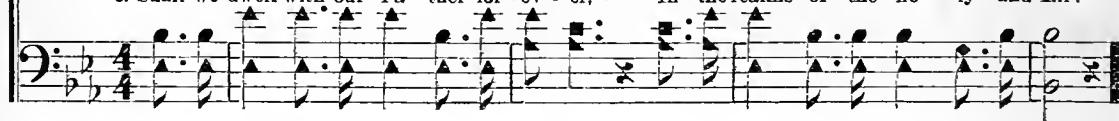
D.S.

They will wel - come you there, they will wel - come you there, And the an - gels will wel - come you there;

HOW JOYFUL THE MEETING.



1. Shall we dwell with our lov'd ones for - ev - er, — When our hearts shall be free from all care?
 2. Shall we dwell with our Sav - iour for - ev - er, — In the home he has gone to pre - pare?
 3. Shall we dwell with our Fa - ther for - ev - er, — In the realms of the ho - ly and fair?



FINE.

Oh, how sweet is the thought of that meet-ing! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.
 Oh, the rap - ture and bliss of that meet-ing! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.
 Oh, how glo - rious the hope of that meet-ing! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.

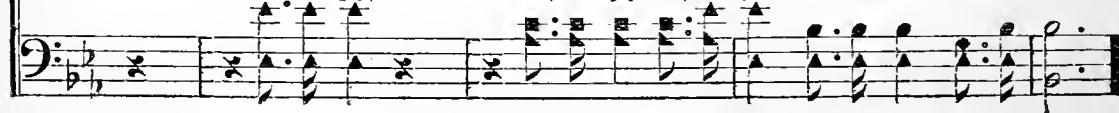


CHORUS.

D.S.



Oh, what joy, Oh, what joy! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.
 Oh, what joy, Oh, what joy! Oh, how joy - ful, in - deed, to be there.



1. { We'll sing to the glo-ry, the glo-ry of God, Whom an-gels are prais-ing on high;
Where all that are hap-py shall meet by and-by,....

2

CHORUS.

And praise him in beau-ti-ful songs. Then sing . . . to his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his
Then sing to his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his glo-ry, his

glo - ry, Then sing to his glo - ry to his glo - ry In beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful songs. songs.
glo - ry, Then sing to his glo - ry, his glo - ry In beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful songs. songs.

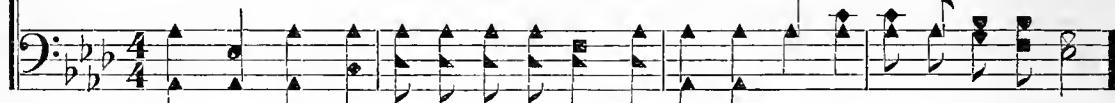
2 We'll sing to his glory, his glory on high,
In songs of devotion and praise,
As birds in their happiness warble their lays,
In beautiful, beautiful songs.—Cho.

3 We'll sing to his glory, his glory so great,
His glory so wondrous and fair,
That seraphs forever and praising him there
In beautiful, beautiful songs.—Cho.

LET ME NEVER LEAVE THEE.



1. Let me never leave thee, blessed Saviour, Keep me ever closer by thy side;
 2. Let me never leave thee, when my spirit Springs exultant into joyous youth;
 3. Let me never leave thee, precious Jesus, All along the journey of my life;



Let me know and feel thy precious favor, Thou art mine, what can I want beside?
 Let me then "remember my Creator," Choose the path of righteousness and truth.
 In the struggle be my great Defender, Make me more than conqueror in the strife.



REFRAIN.



Never, never, leave thy side; Never, never, Never let me leave thy side.

WALK IN THE LIGHT.

43

I. BALTZELL, by per.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fellowship of love, His spir-it on-ly can bestow, Who
 2. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fearful shade shall wear; Glo-ry shall chase away its gloom, For
 3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt see Thy path, tho' thorny, bright, For God by grace shall dwell in thee, And

CHORUS.

reigns in light a - bove. } Walk in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the
 Christ hath con-quer'd there. } Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light, in the
 God him-self is light. } Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light, in the

light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light of God.
 light of God; Walk in the light, in the light of the Liv-ing, Walk in the light of God.

SAVED BY FAITH.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I have found re-demption in the Saviour's blood, I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood);
 2. Oh, how sweet the sto-ry of his wondrous grace! I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood);
 3. I will sing of Je-sus while the days go by, I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood);
 4. I will keep on singing as I march a - long, I am saved by faith in his blood (in his blood);

I am sweet - ly trust-ing in the word of God, I am saved by faith in his blood.
 I will trust in Je-sus while I run my race, I am saved by faith in his blood.
 I will trust his prom-ise on his strength re - ly, I am saved by faith in his blood.
 In my home in glo - ry this shall be my song, I am saved by faith in his blood.

CHORUS.

SAVED BY FAITH. Concluded.

45

Unknown.

SINNER, GO.

FINE.

3 Where the saints, robed in white—
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain—
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain;
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

4 He's prepared thee a home—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

CHILDREN'S PRAISE HYMN.

1. Join in the praise of our Captain so grand, Leading to vic-t'ry his own chos-en band;
 2. Suf-fers the sin-ful to look un-to him, Fill-ing each cup with his love to the brim;
 3. His pow'r and glo-ry shall shine o'er the world, Frum earth to heav-en his flag be un-sur-pled;

He, 'mid the great ones, the small-est will choose, Prayers of the weak he will nev-er re-fuse.
 Will not de-spise us tho' we may be weak, Al-ways will lis-ten if we will but speak.
 Na-tions and king-doms shall know him a-right, Reign with him ev-er in man-sions of light.

CHORUS.

Sing loud ho-san-na, The praise of Je-sus sing!
 Sing loud ho-san-na, Sing loud ho-san-na, We'll shout and

CHILDREN'S PRAISE HYMN. Concluded.

47

Swell loud the an - them, ex - alt - ing his name, Glo - ry to Je - sus, our sov' - reign King.

SOMERVILLE. C. M.

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing must thou be;
 2. I can - not feel thee touch my hand, With pres - sure light and mild,
 3. But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Re - buk - ing sin me;
 4. And when, dear Sav - iour, I kneel down Morn - ing and night pray'r,

To leave thy home in heav'n, to guard A lit - tle child like me
 To check me as my moth - er did When I was but a child thee.
 And when my heart loves God, I know The sweet - ness is thou there.
 Some - thing there is with in my heart Which tells me art

Gently.

1. Be - yond the dark val - ley and shad - o w and death, There bloometh an ev - er-green shore;
 2. Bright mansions of splen - dor a - dorn that fair shore, Still wa - ters of life mur - mur there;
 3. 'Tis there that our Sav - iour a place has prepared, A rest for the sheep of his fold;
 4. Oh, why should we wander, in fol - ly and sin, A way from that ev - er-green shore;

Se - cure from all changes of sea - son or time, Where tempests and clouds are no more.
 The glo - ry of God and the smiles of his love, A - dorn it with ra - di - ance rare.
 With A - bram and I - saac and Ja - cob to share The joys that can nev - er be told.
 When Christ in his mer - cy our souls doth en - treat To share its pure joys ev - er - more?

CHORUS.

There's rest on that beau - ti - ful shore,..... Sweet rest on that ev - er-green shore,.....
 shore, bright shore, shore, sweet rest,

THE EVERGREEN SHORE. Concluded.

49

Where sor - row and sigh - ing and darkness and death, And tempests and clouds are no more.

CALLING YOU TO-DAY.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. Je - sus is call-ing, "Come to me and live;" Hear ye his warning? Wilt the Spir - it grieve?
 2. Je - sus will nev - er Be un - true to you; Trust him for - ev - er All life's journey through.
 3. Why will you lin - ger When he bids you come? Christ will de - liv - er When your life is done.

REFRAIN.

Rit.

Repeat *pp.*

Je - sus is call-ing! Je - sus is call-ing! Je - sus is call-ing! Call-ing you to-day.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

1. I've a home far a-way, in the re - gions im-mor-tal, And Je - sus my Sa - viour is there;
 2. In that home far a-way flows a beau - ti - ful riv - er, A throne and a king - dom are there;
 3. I have kin - dred and friends round that throne by the riv - er, Which stands in that coun - try so fair;
 4. I am jour - ney - ing on to my home by the riv - er, And soon all its glo - ries I'll share!

And sin can - not en - ter that hea - en - ly por - tal, I long, oh, I long to be there.
 They've built on its mar - gin and hea - en - ly por - tal, I long, oh, I long to be there.
 They wait for me now and they beck - on me o - ver, I long, oh, I long to be there.
 I'll dwell with my Sa - viour and lov'd ones for - ev - er, I long, oh, I long to be there.

CHORUS.

There the flow'rs ev - er spring, And the sweet warblers sing, 'Mid the groves in the coun - try so fair;

There the bright an - gels stand, Ev - er - more in that land, I long, oh, I long to be there.

A. S. K.

AFTER WHILE.

A. S. KIEFFER.

FINE.

1. Earth - ly cares will soon be end - ed, Aft - er while, aft - er while; } And our feet, now worn and
 Hearts are hands with dust be blend - ed, Aft - er while, aft - er while; }
 D. C.—Shall find rest where skies are cheer - y, Aft - er while, aft - er while.

D. C.

wea - ry With life's path - way, dark and drear - y,

2 We shall hail a happy morning
 After while, after while;
 Zion's hills with light adorning,
 After while, after while;
 Even now sweet spirits meet us,
 And to come to them entreat us,
 At heaven's portals they will greet us
 After while, after while.

3 There beside the crystal river,
 After while, after while;
 We shall praise thee, glorious Giver,
 After while, after while;
 And through all the glad forever,
 We shall live with Jesus ever,
 And shall part, no, never, never,
 After while, after while.

TITLE CLEAR.

Art. by T. C. O'KANE.

A musical score for a hymn. The top staff is in treble clef, 4/4 time, and F major. The lyrics are: "When I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, ev'ry fear." The bottom staff is in bass clef, 4/4 time, and F major. The lyrics are: "When I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, ev'ry fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear, ev'ry fear." The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

CHORUS.

CHURCHES.

When I can read my little clear fear, I'll bid farewell to ev'-ry fear, To mansions in the skies, To mansions in the skies, We will stand And wipe my weeping eyes, We will stand, stand the storm, It will

A musical score for two voices. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp. The music consists of two measures. The first measure contains the lyrics 'We will an-chor by and by'. The second measure contains the lyrics 'We will an-chor by and by'. The notes are represented by dots and dashes on the staff, with vertical stems extending upwards or downwards.

We will stand the storm, We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by.

We will stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long, We will an - chor by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.—CHG.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fill;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.—CHO.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.—CHO.

Rev. C. H. HOTT.

PRAY FOR THE WANDERER!

A. S. KIEFFER.

1. Far in the des - ert wild, Walking a drear - y way; Suff'ring and sin-de-filed;—Go-ing a - stray!
2. Ten - der - ly bid they come, Back from sin's wilderness; Come to our Father's home, Saved by his grace.
3. Plead now at mer - cy's gate For each poor wand'ring one, Soon it will be too late, Life will be gone.
4. Pray; and with love eu-treat, All who by sin are pressed, Bid them at Je - sus' feet, Find endless rest.

CHORUS.

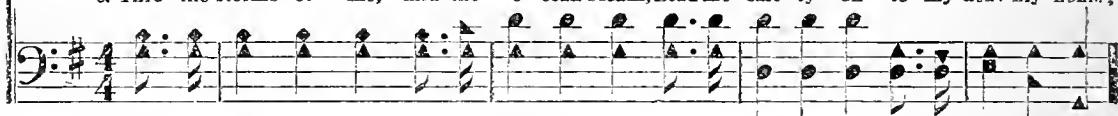
Pray for the wan - der-er, Pray for the wan - der-er, Pray for the wan - der-er, Go-ing a - stray!

LEAD ME ON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.



1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way From the shores of time to the realms of day;
 2. With a Shep - herd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to thee lest I go a - stray;
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly on to my heav'ly home;



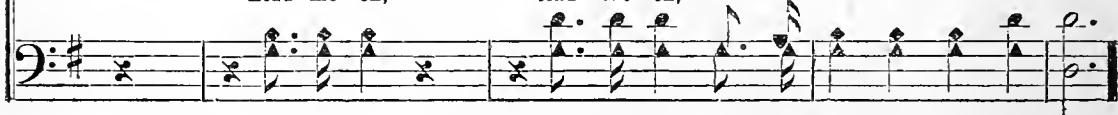
By the cross of Christ may I ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
 Lead me safe - ly on by thy ten - der love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
 At the fount of life on the oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.



CHORUS.



Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and nar - row way;



LEAD ME ON. Concluded.

55

Lead me on, lead me on, lead me on, To the realms of end-less day.

REVIVE US.

English Melody.

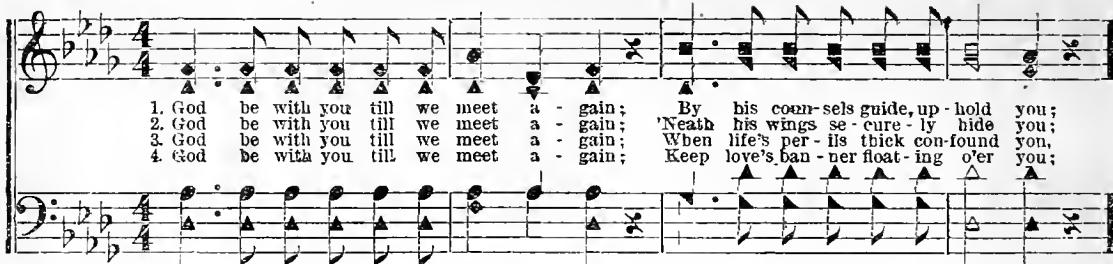
1. All glo-ry and praise be to Je-sus, our Lord, So plenteous in grace, and so true to his word.
 2. To us he hath giv-en the gift from a-bove— The earn-est of heav-en, the spir-it of love.
 3. Ye all may re-ceive who on Je-sus do call, The gift of his spir-it—is proffered to all.

CHORUS.

Halle-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Halle-lu-jah, A-men.
 Halle-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, [OMIT.....] Re-vive us a-gain.

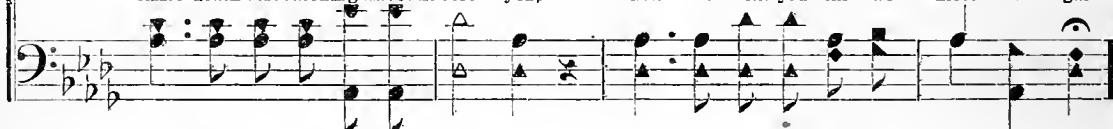
GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOOMEY, by per.



With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 Put his arms un - fail - ing round you,
 Smite death's threatening waves be - fore you,

God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 God be with you till we meet a - gain.
 God be with you till we meet a - gain.



CHORUS.



GOD BE WITH YOU. Concluded.

87

Till we meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a - gain,

CHAS. WESLEY.

HAIL THE DAY! (Easter.)

WM. B. BLAKE.

1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Halle - lu - jah!
2. Circled round with angel pow'rs, Halle - lu - jah!
3. See, he lifts his hands above, Halle - lu - jah!

Ravish'd from our wishful eyes, Halle - lu - jah!
Their triumphant Lord and ours, Halle - lu - jah!
See, he shows the prints of love, Halle - lu - jah!

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men! Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! A - - men!

UNDER HIS WINGS.

ASA HULL, by per.

1. In God I have found a re - treat, Where I can se - cure-ly a - bide;
No ref - uge, nor rest so com - plete, (Omit.....)

CHORUS.

And here I in - tend to re - side. Oh, what com - fort it brings, As my

soul sweet-ly sings: I am safe from all dan - ger, While un - der his wings.

Rit.

2 I dread not the terror by night,
No arrow can harm me by day;
His shadow has covered me quite,
My fears he has driven away.

3 The pestilence walking about,
When darkness has settled abroad,
Can never compel me to doubt
The presence and power of God.

4 The wasting destruction at noon,
No fearful foreboding can bring;
With Jesus, my soul doth commune,
His perfect salvation I sing.

5 A thousand may fall at my side,
Ten thousand upon my right hand;
Above me his wings are spread wide,
Beneath them in safety I stand.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY?

DR. H. R. PALMER.

59

SOP. SOLO. 3

2

Who are these in bright ar-ray?
SOP & ALTO

Who are these in bright ar-ray?

SOP & ALTO

TENOR & BASS.

Who are these, who are these?

Who are these?

These are they who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, These are they, These are they,

These are they who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, These are they who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.

WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY? Continued.

Faster.

There - fore they stand be - fore the throne, cry - ing: "Blessing, glo - ry, wis - dom, hon - or,



Pow - er, and might be un - to God, ev - er, world with - out end." They shall hun - ger no more, Nei - ther



thirst an - y more, For the Lamb up - on the throne shall feed them; They shall walk by the streams of the



WHO ARE THESE IN BRIGHT ARRAY? Concluded.

61

Repeat pp.

fountain of life, For the Lamb up-on the throne shall lead them: For the Lamb up-on the throne shall lead them.

BURTNER. C. M.

W. H. ZIEFFER.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan - gers, toils and snares I have al - ready come;

I How once pre - cious was lost, but that now am found, Was the blind, but now first, I be - see. 'Tis grace that brought me grace safe thus near, The And hour grace will lead me home. I lieved!

OH, HOW LOVELY IS ZION!

A. S. KIEFFER.

3/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff has a soprano vocal line with a mix of quarter and eighth notes, some with stems up and some down. The bass staff has a harmonic line with quarter notes and rests. The lyrics 'Oh, how love-ly, Oh, how love-ly, Oh, how love-ly, how love-ly is Zi-on, Zi-on,' are written below the staves.

3/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the soprano line with a mix of quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff continues the harmonic line. The lyrics 'cit-y of our God! Zi-on, cit-y of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in' are written below the staves.

3/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The treble staff continues the soprano line. The bass staff continues the harmonic line. The lyrics 'thee, in thee, O Zi-on, thou cit-y of God! Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and' are written below the staves.

OH, HOW LOVELY IS ZION! Concluded.

Slow.

§3

peace shall dwell in thee, Joy and peace shall dwell in thee, shall dwell in thee.

DOXOLOGY.

WM. B. BLAKE.

Un - to the King, e - ter - nal, im - mor - tal and in - vis - i - ble, The on - ly wise God, and Je - sus, his Son,

Be hon - or and glo - ry, and wis - dom, and thanksgiv - ing. A - men, a - men, a - men.

INDEX.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
A Sinner Like Me	7	Oh! How Lovely is Zion	62
A Little Light.....	17	Pray for the Wanderer	53
After While	51	Revive Us.....	55
Battle Hymn.....	18	Say, Are You Ready.....	16
Burtner.....	61	Sing His Praise.....	22
Close to Jesus.....	11	Sing to His Glory.....	41
Clifton	15	Saved by Faith.....	44
Come to Me.....	33	Sinner, Go.....	45
Children's Praise Hymn.....	46	Somerville	47
Calling You To-Day.....	49		
Doxology	63	The Wondrous Story	4
Easter Lilies.....	12	The Healing Flood.....	6
Golden Sheaves.....	30	The Beautiful Shore	8
Greeting Song	32	The Eden of Love	9
God Be With You	56	The Cleansing Fountain.....	19
Home of the Soul	39	The Ocean Grove Song	23
How Joyful the Meeting.....	40	The Happy Land.....	25
Hail the Day.....	57	The Lily of the Valley.....	28
Is My Name Written Thero.....	20	The Promised Land	35
I Would be Ready, Lord	31	The Sweet Story of Old.....	38
I Long to be There.....	50	The Evergreen Shore.....	48
Jesus is Coming Again	24	Through the Valley in Peace	37
Little Ones Like Me.....	5	Tell Us Something More.....	13
Long Time Ago.....	21	To-Day.....	29
Little Moses	27	Title Clear.....	52
Let Me Cling to Thee	34		
Let Me Never Leave Thee.....	42	Under His Wings.....	58
Lead Me On.....	54	Why Not Now.....	10
Marching Home.....	36	Will You Come.....	26
		Walk in the Light.....	43
		Who Are These in Bright Array	59
		Zionward	3
		Zaccheus.....	14

THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

NOTE 1.—It has been the object of the author to present, in a few brief chapters, the most important things under the different heads which music is treated upon, necessary to enable the learner to gain sufficient knowledge to read music correctly. It will be necessary to study the following chapters closely, however, as nothing is contained in them which is not of importance to the student. They are divested of all unnecessary terms, and the teacher, it is hoped, will use his influence to secure good discipline upon the subject, remembering that "repetition is the mother of improvement."

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL DIVISIONS.

Every musical tone has three essential properties, without which it cannot exist, viz:—

PITCH, LENGTH, POWER.

Hence these three grand distinctions into which elementary instruction in music is naturally divided:—

- 1st. MELODY, treating of the *pitch* of sounds.
- 2d. RHYTHM, treating of the *length* of sounds.
- 3d. DYNAMICS, treating of the *power* of sounds.

Under these three general heads will be noticed everything necessary to assist the pupil in learning to read music.

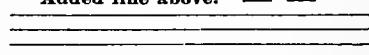
CHAPTER II.

MELODY.

1. The Scale.—At the foundation of music there lies a series of sounds called the *Scale*. It consists of an ascending series of eight tones, which are counted from the lowest upwards, as *one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight*, and to which the syllables *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do*, are applied.

2. The Staff.—The tones of the scale are written upon a *Staff* with certain characters called *Notes*. The staff consists of five lines and four intermediate spaces. On this staff we can write nine degrees of sound, although the compass of the staff may be increased by the addition of lines and spaces. These are called *added lines above* and *added lines below*. Also *spaces above* and *spaces below*. Each line is called a *degree*. Each space is called a *degree*.

Added line above. — —



Added line below. — —



3. Clefs.—The staff, however, is a meaningless character of itself, and of no use until we prefix other characters to it, called *Clefs*. Of these there are two in use—the G clef and the F clef, as follows:—

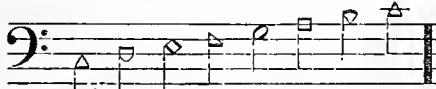


With the use of the foregoing characters mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, we can form a starting point for writing music.

We can now write the scale in the following manner:



With the use of the F clef the scale would stand thus upon the staff:—

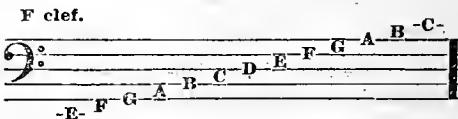
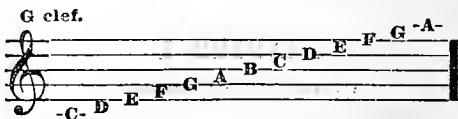


Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

4. Steps and Half-steps.—The intervals of the scale are *seven*. Some of these are greater than others. The greater intervals are called *steps*; the lesser intervals are called *half-steps*. Their order is, from Do to Re, a step; from Re to Mi, a step; from Mi to Fa, a half-step; from Fa to Sol, a step; from Sol to La, a step; from La to Si, a step; from Si to Do, a half-step.

5. Numerals.—Numerals are used to designate the different degrees of the scale series, as 1, 3, 5, 7, 4, 6, of the scale. One always designates Do, two designates Re, three designates Mi, etc. Numerals are also used to indicate the time, and are written on the staff, fractionally, at the beginning of a tune.

6. Letters.—Letters are also written upon the staff. They occur in regular order, counting upward from the lower-line of each staff. Their position is fixed. Notes may be written on different degrees of the staff, but letters occur always in the same regular order. The Clef fixes the position of the letter, but the first sound of the scale may be written on either line or space of the staff by the use of characters which will be given in due time. The letters on the staff stand thus:—



7. Sharps, Flats, and Naturals.—These are characters which affect the pitch of tones on the staff. A *Sharp* is a character which, when placed before a note, raises its pitch a half-step; a *Flat*, placed before a note, lowers its pitch a half-step; a *Natural* is used to cancel

the effect of a sharp or flat. The effect of a sharp, a flat, or a natural, continues to operate on all the notes on the same degree of the staff in that measure in which it occurs. By the aid of these characters we can introduce intermediate tones between one and two, two and three, four and five, five and six, and six and seven of the scale. No intermediate tone can be introduced between three and four, and between seven and eight, as a half-step is the smallest practical interval known in musical notation.



8. Diatonic Intervals.—In addition to the regular steps and half-steps of the scale, and the intermediate tones already mentioned, there are yet other intervals occasioned by skipping. A *second* from 1 to 2 of the scale; a *third* from 1 to 3 of the scale; a *fourth* from 1 to 4 of the scale, etc. A *second* is always the interval made by any one given scale-tone to the next above it. A *third*, from any given scale-tone to the second one above it. A *fourth*, a *fifth*, a *sixth*, a *seventh*, are found by a similar course of reckoning. For example:—



CHAPTER III.

RHYTHM.

NOTE 2.—In practicing a Singing-School in Rhythm, the teacher will find a blackboard almost indispensable. Let him illustrate time-measures, notes, rests, etc., until each pupil can answer correctly. We do not form questions on each chapter, as we think the teacher should do that, because it will enable him to vary his questions until he is satisfied that all the pupils understand the subject.

9. Notes.—Music is written with characters called *Notes*. Notes have two shapes or forms. A *figurative* form, which represents the *syllables* applied to them. A *rhythical* form, which represents the *length* of sounds. There are five rhythmical notes in common use. They are named *Whole*, *Half*, *Quarter*, *Eighth*, and *Sixteenth* note.

10. Rests.—There are rhythmical characters called *Rests*. Each note has its corresponding rest, which is named after the note whose rhythmical value it represents. Rests are marks of silence, and should be observed as particularly as the notes themselves.

11. Diagram of Notes and Rests:—

We write the *Whole note* thus: Rest, thus: —

We write the *Half note* thus: " " —

We write the *Quarter note* thus: " " x

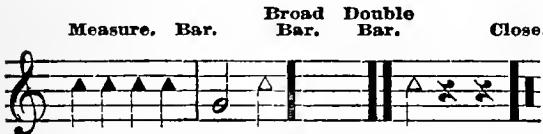
We write the *Eighth note* thus: " " 7

We write the *Sixteenth note* thus: " " 7

12. Notes and Rests.—Notes and rests have not a *positive* but only a *relative* length. The Whole note is the governing or ruling power in Rhythm. If we sing the Whole note in six seconds, the Half note must be sung in three seconds, the Quarter note in one-and-a-half seconds, the Eighth note in three-quarters of a second, and the Sixteenth note in three-eighths of a second. If we allow four seconds to the Whole note, then the Half note must receive but two seconds for its time, the Quarter note, one second, etc.

13. Measures.—Notes and rests, when written on the staff in a piece of music, are divided into equal portions, called *Measures*. Measures are represented to the eye by the interspaces, separated from each other by perpendicular lines, called *Bars*.

To illustrate:—



14. Bars.—There are four kinds of bars in use. The *Common Bar*, used to divide the staff into measures of equal time; the *Broad Bar*, used for marking the end of a musical sentence or line of poetry; the *Double Bar*, used to mark the end of a Repeat, the beginning of a Chorus, or at the change of time; and the *Close*, used at the end of a tune.

15. Pauses.—These are rhythmical characters used within the compass of the staff, and for the purpose of

protracting the length of notes. A *Pause* over or under a note protracts it about one-third its original length, though it is not an absolute character, and the time to be given to a pause is left to the taste of the performer. Sometimes it requires a much greater length than at others. There should always be a momentary suspension of the voice after the pause has been duly given to the note.

16. Points.—The length of notes and rests is often increased by writing *Dots* or *Points* after them. A point adds one-half to the length of a note or rest after which it is placed. See following illustrations of the two preceding paragraphs:—

EXAMPLE.

Paused Notes. Pointed Notes. Pointed Notes.



Thus the learner will see that the pointed Whole note equals three Half notes in length; the pointed Half note equals three Quarters in length; the pointed Quarter equals three Eighths in length, etc.

17. Of Time.—*Time* in music is that length which we give to each note in a piece of music, relative to the Whole note.

18. Of Movement.—There are three movements of Time—*Common* or *Even Time*, *Triple* or *Uneven Time*, and *Compound Time*. Common time is divided into double and quadruple measures. Those measures which divide into two parts are called *Double*, and those which divide into four parts are called *Quadruple*.

19. Of Variety.—The various measures of Time used in this work will be expressed in the following manner, viz.:—



By the use of notes, points, rests, and other rhythmical characters, an endless combination of time-measures may be written in the above indicated measures.

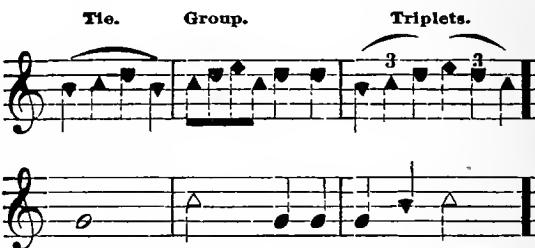
20. Primitive Measures.—A measure is called *primitive* when it contains the number and kind of notes which the fraction expresses. For instance, in Double Time the measure must contain two Half notes or two Quarters; in Quadruple Time, four Half notes or four Quarters; in Triple Time, three Half notes, three Quarters, or three Eighths; and in Compound Time, six Quarters or six Eighths.

21. Derivative Measures.—Measures which do not contain the number and kind of notes called for by the fraction expressing the time, are *Derivatives*. Deriv-

ative measures must contain the quantity expressed by the fraction in other notes and rests.

22. Of Ties.—It is frequently necessary to sing or warble three or more notes to one syllable of verse. These notes are always tied together by a curved line over or under them. These are called *Grouped* or *Tied* notes.

23. Triplets.—These are frequently met with in pieces of music. Three notes tied together with the figure 3 over or under them, are required to be sung in the same time as two of the same denominational value without the figure 3. Illustrations of ties and triplets:



24. Repeats.—A line of dots placed across the staff indicates that the strain following is to be repeated to the Double Bar. *Da Capo (D.C.)* means to repeat from the beginning, closing at the word *Fine* written above the staff.

CHAPTER IV.

DYNAMICS OR POWER.

NOTE 3.—We have treated of tones in the preceding chapters as being merely *high* and *low*, and *long* and *short*. We now treat sounds as being *loud* and *soft*. No teacher can drill his class too much in expression and in accent, for they are the soul of music. Without these all-important requisites, singing is a dull, lifeless performance, unworthy the name, and without the power of music.

25. Accent.—*Accent* is a particular stress of the voice given to certain notes in a measure of music, and to certain syllables in a line of poetry.

26. Accent in Measures of Double Time.—The first note in a measure is invariably accented. In primitive measures there is but one accent—the first part is accented, the second is unaccented; though measures may be arranged in this movement so as to take as many accents as beats.

27. Accent of Quadruple Measures.—Primitive measures contain four notes, expressed by the fraction, and the accent is on the first and third, the second and fourth being unaccented. These measures may also be arranged to take as many accents as beats.

28. Accents in Triple Measures.—The first note in each measure is accented, the second and third

are unaccented, but may be so constructed as to require three accents in each measure.

29. Accent in Compound Measures.—In primitive measures of Compound Time the accent lies on the first and fourth notes of each measure, the second, third, fifth, and sixth, are unaccented.

30. Degrees of Power.—For the purpose of varying expression according to the character of the music or the sentiment of the poetry, certain degrees of power are used. Some of them, with their abbreviations, are given in the following list, which may be applied to single notes or to entire measures and passages:—

MEZZO, abbreviated *m*, a medium degree of power.

PIANO, abbreviated *pia* or *p*, soft; *pp*, very soft.

FORTE, abbreviated *f*, loud; *ff*, very loud.

CRESCEDO, or , increasing in power.

DIMINUENDO, or , decreasing in power.

STACCATO, or , separate and distinct.

RITARDANDO, abbreviated *Rit.*, gradually retarding the movement.

The sentiment of the poetry should be the main guide to dynamic expression.

31.—As a general thing, where we have an ascending series of tones in a piece of music, the voice should increase in volume, and where a descending series occurs, the reverse is generally a safe rule for expression.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSPOSITION.

32. Key of C.—When the scale begins with C, it is said to be in the *Natural Key* or *Key of C*; but the scale may be transposed so as to commence on any of its seven letters, in which the letter, taken as one, is called the *Key-note*. Thus, if G is taken as one, it is called the *Key of G*; if D is taken as one, it is called the *Key of D*, etc.

33. Key of G.—In transposing the scale, the proper order of intervals, with reference to steps and half-steps, must be preserved. In this key we have to substitute F sharp for F in the former scale, as we must have a step from 6 to 7 of the scale.

34. Key of D.—In transposing from C to D we have to use two sharps. In order to preserve the agreement of intervals between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8 of the scale, F and C are sharpened.

35. Key of A.—In writing music in this key, three sharps have to be used for the same purpose, viz., that of adjusting the intervals.

36. Key of E.—Four sharps are found to be necessary in transposing the key to this letter, F, C, G and D sharp.

37. Key of F.—The place of disagreement, when the scale is transposed to F, is between 3 and 4 of the scale. To correct this it is found necessary to flat B.

38. Key of B \flat .—When the scale is transposed to B flat, there are found two places of disagreement. For

the tones B and E we must substitute B flat and E flat.

39. Key of E \flat .—In writing music in this key, we have to use three flats, B, E, and A flat, in order to adjust the intervals.

40. Key of A \flat .—In transposing the scale from B flat to A flat we have to use four flats, B, E, A, and D flat.

41. How to Find the Key.—It will be observed that the sharps and flats, which are the signature of the key, are placed on the staff directly after the clefs, but not written directly over one another, so that each additional sharp or flat is written a little to the right of the preceding one. The following will serve as a rule: *The degree above the last sharp is 1 of the Scale; the degree above the last flat is 5 of the scale.* The last sharp or flat will be the one farthest towards the right.

42.—The difficulty of reading round-note music lies in the fact that any line or space of the staff may be taken as *one*, and, as there is but one shape for all the tones of the scale in round-note notation, the syllables have to be found by calculation. In character-notes this serious difficulty is avoided, as each note of the scale has a distinct shape which represents a given syllable, and this identity of shape and syllable is preserved throughout all the changes of transposition, rendering the reading of music in any key an easy matter.

43. We have used but four sharps and four flats in transposing the scale, as we have used but nine keys in this work. See the following illustrations of keys by transposition:—

THE SINGING-SCHOOL.

KEY OF C—Natural.

Notes: A1, D2, E3, F4, G5, A6, B7, C8.

Transposed to KEY OF G—One Sharp.

Notes: G1, A2, B3, C4, D5, E6, F#7, G8.

Transposed to KEY OF D—Two Sharps.

Notes: D8, C#7, B6, A5, G4, F#3, E2, D1.

Transposed to KEY OF A—Three Sharps.

Notes: A1, B2, C#3, D4, E5, F#6, G#7, A8.

Transposed to KEY OF E—Four Sharps.

Notes: E1, F#2, G#3, A4, B5, C#6, D#7, E8.

KEY OF C—Natural.

Notes: A1, D2, E3, F4, G5, A6, B7, C8.

Transposed to KEY OF F—One Flat.

Notes: F1, G2, A3, Bb4, C5, D6, E7, F8.

Transposed to KEY OF Bb—Two Flats.

Notes: Bb1, C2, D3, Eb4, F5, G6, A7, Bb8.

Transposed to KEY OF Eb—Three Flats.

Notes: Eb1, F2, G3, Ab4, Bb5, C6, D7, Eb8.

Transposed to KEY OF Ab—Four Flats.

Notes: Ab1, Bb2, C3, Db4, Eb5, F6, G7, Ab8.

44. In the above illustrations it will be seen that sharps raise a fifth in the transposition of the scale. Thus, in the scale of C we count C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4, G 5; and, by writing F sharp as the signature, we find that Do occupies the same position on the staff that Sol did in the scale of C. In each succeeding remove we find Do occupying the position of Sol in the former scale. In transposition by flats we find they remove a fourth in the scale, Do occupying the position in each succeeding scale that Fa did in the former. Thus C 1, D 2, E 3, F 4; flat B, and we count F 1, G 2, A 3, B 4; flat B and E, and we commence with B 1, C 2, D 3, E 4, and thus throughout the various removes.

CHAPTER VI.

CLASSIFICATION OF VOICES, AND RANGE OF PARTS.

45. Of Voice.—Although the compass of the human voice, if we include the highest female voices with the lowest male voices, extends through three or four octaves, yet it rarely happens that individual voices have a compass of more than one and a half or two octaves. Hence the necessity of *parts*, each of which is limited to the compass of a single voice or class of voices.

46. The Parts.—The *Base* is the lowest part in music, and should be sung by male voices which are pitched low.

The *Tenor* is suited to male voices which are pitched high.

The *Alto* is adapted to female voices having a low pitch, and to boys before the change of voice.

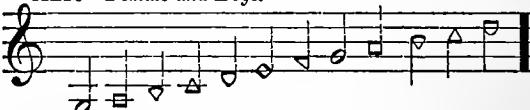
The *Soprano, Air or Treble*, should be sung by female voices of the highest range. Many female voices are equally adapted to Alto and Soprano. The Soprano and Alto are frequently written on the same staff.

RANGE OF PARTS

TENOR—*Male.*



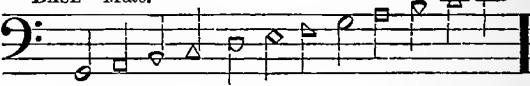
ALTO—*Female and Boys*



TREBLE—*Female*



BASE—Male



47. By the above illustration it will be seen that the Base voices should have a run from G, lower line, to E, second space above the Base staff. The Tenor voices have a range from C, added line below the staff, to G, first space above the Tenor staff. The female voices have

the same range, commencing and ending on the same letters; with this exception, G in Alto is an octave higher than G in the Base, and C in Treble is an octave higher than C in Tenor.

NOTE 4.—The teacher should aim as far as practicable to classify his scholars in this order, securing low voices for Base, and high voices for Tenor, observing

the same order for Alto and Treble. Attention to this fact will enable him to avoid many of the *harsh, grating* sounds occasioned by Base voices attempting Soprano, or the *weak, faint* sound occasioned by high voices attempting parts below their range.

With this ends our theoretical department. The next chapters are devoted to practical exercises.

CHAPTER VII.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

EXAMPLE I.—*Scale Exercises.*

Two beats to each measure. First note in each measure *loud*, the second note in each measure *soft*.

EXAMPLE II.—One beat to each Quarter note.

FEMALE.

MALE.

In these examples the teacher should enforce time, countings, beatings, until each pupil can time correctly.

EXAMPLE III.—*Quadruple Time.*

Four beats to each measure. Down, left, right, up. First note in each measure, *loud*; second, *soft*; third, *loud*; fourth, *soft*.

EXAMPLE IV.—*Triple Time.*

Three beats to a measure. First note in each measure, *loud*; second and third, *soft*.

EXAMPLE V.—*Compound Time.*

Two beats to the measure. First and fourth parts accented.



48. In the foregoing examples we have given two of Double Time, one of Quadruple Time, one of Triple Time, and one of Compound Time. These are deemed sufficient to illustrate the movement of each kind of Time. The subdivisions of these movements have been treated upon in Paragraph 19, of Variety.

The marking of the Time should claim particular attention, and is performed in the following manner, *viz.*: the measures of Double Time must have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up*—a down beat on the first part of each measure and an up beat on the second part. In measures of Quadruple Time we have four beats or countings of the hand, *down, left, right, up*—a down beat on the first part of each measure, left beat on the second, right beat on the third, and an up beat on the fourth. In the measures of Triple Time we have three countings or

beats of the hand, *down, left, up*—a down beat on the first part of the measure, a left beat on the second, and an up beat on the third part. In measures of Compound Time we have two beats or countings of the hand, *down, up*—a down beat on the first part of the measure, and an up beat on the fourth part.

The accent of these measures has been treated upon under Chapter IV.

We have adopted the name Compound Time instead of Sextuple Time as it is generally called, from the simple fact that it is a Compound measure. Two primitive measures of Triple Time added will make a primitive measure of Compound Time. Few authors instruct the giving of six beats to the measure in this movement, as it has been found almost impracticable, and, whenever attempted, leads to dull and lifeless performance.

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